Secret Plans to Arm Arabs *Tad Szulc*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

November 22, 1975 ®

Hunger Highway

Just about the time you read this a baby born out there somewhere on this spinning globe will be the four billionth human being on earth. We've been marching to this terrestrial record-maker since the beginning of time and the experts assembled at the Bucharest World Population Conference of 136 nations a year ago dwelt on it. "Yes," they said, "just about a year from now and the world will reach a new epoch—four billion people."

They said it anxiously and with awe, and their anxiety will be discussed by an unofficial four-day conference of 300 or 400 experts meeting here in Washington this week, which their co-director Philander Claxton calls "the most outstanding group on population in relation to other vital areas ever assembled." Claxton for eight years was special assistant to the US Secretary of State for Population Matters.

Their anxiety is due to a simple calculation. Little Khadi (let's call him Khadi) the 4-B Human, was born on the pavement on a mean street in Calcutta in a world that increases population 200,000 every 24 hours; that's a city the size of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Whatever the 1974 Bucharest Conference did, it didn't stop population growth; calculations are that there are 73 million more people on earth today than when it met; an increase equivalent to a new East and West Germany in one year.

It took the human population until the opening of the 19th century to reach the first billion. The next billion took a century; the third about 35 years and now, with Khadi's help, we have gone over the top for the fourth billion in 15 years. Touchdown, Khadi! By 2000 AD there may be seven billion (short of nuclear war or, possibly, famine).

It's not easy to designate Khadi as the 4-B Baby because almost at the instant of his birth, James Cavendish Smith was born in a fashionable lying-in hospital in Connecticut, in accordance with the statistic that the earth now adds a couple of people a second. Their paths will be different. James Cavendish has about two times the life expectancy of Khadi, and when he grows up he will use the equivalent of about a ton of grain a year while Khadi, if he is lucky, will probably get a pound of grain a day, or just enough to prevent kwashiorkor. James Cavendish won't actually eat a ton of grain directly of course; he will get it in the form of meat, milk, eggs and relaxing after-dinner drinks. The disparity in life-style comes from a variety of causes, one of them that the United States has a population growth rate of only 0.9 percent while India's is a frightening 2.4 percent. Population growth rate is falling in both countries as it is in most of the world; the question is whether it will fall fast enough.

For the first time at any major international conference this disparity of growth rate and what it means was faced at Bucharest a year ago. A subject that couldn't be discussed officially in the past was successfully brought into the open and made respectable. As recently as 1959, President Eisenhower primly rejected the idea of US support for birth control programs abroad. Now we contribute millions and high time, too. Population is outrunning food.

Look at these statistics from Washington demographer Lester Brown: the US used to pay farmers not to grow crops on 50 million acres of land to keep prices up; now the acreage is all in use and an expanding world population is eating it up. . . . The global fish catch is down for the fourth year: believe it or not, the oceans seem to be overharvested. . . . The Soviets are upgrading their eating habits with rising income and are buying US-Canadian grain to fatten cattle to get more meat just like capitalists. . . . And finally, whereas the world used to have grain reserves adequate to meet global consumption for 105 days (1962), it now has only 31 days, making weather the variable factor in the lottery against famine.

There's no shortage of food today, of course, provided you have the money to buy it. There's food in the poorest countries; Khadi's mother could buy meat if she could pay for it. The trouble is that there's a "hunger highway" that spans the world around the Equator, parts of Saheli in Africa, parts of Central America, Ethiopia, Tanzania, India, Pakistan, Bangladesh. They're the countries with the bloated bellies and big birth rates. Russia has money and can afford to buy grain from the United States, the world's breadbasket (the US dominates the international food trade even more than OPEC does petroleum). This sends up the price of grain for the hungry countries. It's too bad for them. One always has difficulty in remembering that they are hungry human beings and not an abstraction called world hunger. According to the Food and Agriculture Organization there are nearly half a billion people living on Hunger Highway who are malnourished or face starvation.

What do we do about the situation? One thing is to raise more food. And the best place to raise it is right in the developing nations themselves. Much of their land is fertile and already under cultivation, and manpower is the cheapest on earth; the trouble is that the agricultural and social systems are often medieval. With irrigation, pesticides, new technology and more energy, they could double or triple yields but they can't do it while the loincloth farmer is a slave to the money lender, or while the government spends its scarce capital on bombers or in introducing steel mills instead of land reform. The World Bank has seen the light; it is making its loans specifically with food production in mind, particularly to aid the small farmer. That's where US foreign aid should go, too; not into guns and planes with which we are supposed to be helping developing countries.

The other thing, of course, is to get control of population. The Rome Food Conference last year adopted a resolution "to support . . . rational population policies insuring to couples the right to determine the number and spacing of births." It took a lot of diplomacy to work out the formula.

World population pressure is surprisingly close to the United States. The US increase is only 0.9 percent; Mexico is an astounding 3.2 percent; at that rate it will double its 55 million in 20 years. Where will they go? Through the porous US border, perhaps; a new Immigration Service study guesses there are five million illegal Mexicans here now. Problems of this sort face the world in days to come.

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This rolling research lab is helping America take advantage of an energy source that's been around for years.

The energy resource is coal. Right now, our country has nearly one-third of the world's coal reserves. This is twice the energy of Middle Eastern oil reserves.

However, burning coal presents some potential environmental problems. One of these is from pollutants known as oxides of nitrogen or "NOx" emissions.

Research against pollution.

To help industry and electric utilities reduce these pollutants, the U. S. Government awarded a research contract to Exxon Research and Engineering—a company with many years of experience in the science of burning fossil fuels.

This research is intended to help operators of electric power generating plants burn coal more cleanly. It will also help equipment manufacturers design new power plant boilers which will produce less pollution in the future.

The TIGER Van.

To help collect the data needed, Exxon designed and built the rolling research lab you see above.

It's called the "Traveling Industrial Gaseous Emission Research" vehicle—nicknamed "TIGER" van by the Exxon researchers who operate it.

Traveling from power plant to power plant, the TIGER van conducts on-site tests.

The five-man team of Exxon engineers and technicians aboard the van uses sophisticated probes to look inside power plant boilers and stacks. These probes collect emission samples and send them back to the TIGER van where they are analyzed and recorded.

The data is used to test new and different methods of burning coal to reduce pollution.

Some results are in.

Over the past four years, field tests have been conducted on 25 coal-fired plant boilers in these studies, as well as on oil- and gas-fired boilers. Exxon engineers have been able to reduce NOx emissions from coal-fired boilers by as much as 60 percent in short-term tests. Longer term tests are needed to confirm these results.

The published findings of this research have been made available to utility operators, boiler designers and others working in environmental and energy research.

The TIGER van—it's one way Exxon, the government, the electric power companies and boiler manufacturers are working together to help bring you more energy with less pollution.

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Keystone Narcs

This fall the White House published a "White Paper on Drug Abuse" by the staff of the Domestic Council repeating soberly what's been said by half a dozen earlier studies. It isn't a bad report. But there's good reason to be skeptical about it. Research for this paper began last spring only after Congress kicked up a fuss about corruption in the drug agencies and prompted the new attorney general, Edward Levi, to take strong action.

About 11 months ago the Senate permanent subcommittee on investigations, headed by Henry Jackson, started looking into a snarl of complaints about the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA). Virtually all of the committee's findings have now been confirmed by the White House. Both agree that drug agents should spend less time busting street pushers and more time busting international drug conspiracies, that agents should worry less about marijuana and more about heroin, and that the two enforcement authorities—the DEA and the Customs Service—should stop warring with one another and start working together to catch criminals. In effect the White House study admits that President Nixon's "war on drugs" itself became a major obstacle to enforcement of the drug laws after 1973. It proposes that the government return to the low-key enforcement approach of the past.

The Jackson investigation got a lot of attention last summer for its claim that corruption on a "massive" scale had been found at the DEA. This was one point on which the administration vehemently disagreed. Former Deputy Attorney General Laurence Silberman, in particular, said the committee's chief witnesses—former DEA Deputy Director Andrew Tartaglino and chief inspector George Brosan—were scoundrels who hoped to advance their careers by snitching on colleagues. These were some of the most controversial charges in the hearings, yet no discussion of them can be found in the White House report. The omission suggests that Jackson's investigation may have been on target after all.

Consider what befell the "snitches," Tartaglino and Brosan. After they began to complain about unethical practices, they were hustled out of the DEA and sent into exile at the Justice Department. They have waited since November 1974 to see what would be done. At first very little happened. Then after the Senate began looking for scandals, the head of the DEA, John Bartels, was asked to resign. Other officials

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left quietly. Tartaglino and Brosan are still waiting. The word is that they may now be kept out of the DEA permanently because they've made too many enemies there by telling the truth. They will be kicked upstairs, though precisely *where* upstairs is not clear.

Meanwhile the Justice Department has done some housecleaning. An investigatory commission headed by criminal prosecutor Michael DeFeo handed its report to Deputy Attorney General Harold Tyler, Jr. in September, and Tyler turned the case over to the criminal division for further investigation and possible prosecution. The Justice Department refuses to release the DeFeo report or even a summary of conclusions on the grounds that the case is still open. Nearly all the top staff at DEA has been shifted or removed from office in the interim. The new acting administrator, Henry Dogin, is reportedly making order out of the chaos that's beset DEA since its creation in 1973.

Corruption is a sign of bad management, but it's only one of many signs indicating that the DEA was in trouble. Because the DEA is an undercover agency, its problems are rarely discussed in public, and even when they are, the public doesn't always get the full story. Conversations with some former agents and officials reveal that the problems may be deeper and more tenacious than is generally appreciated. Some typical examples are described here to give a sense of what went wrong.

The DEA lacked discipline. This is largely determined by personal style, and now that the agency has new leadership, things may be changing. The press has publicized the most serious case of bad management at DEA—the mistaken drug raid on an innocent family in Collinsville, Illinois. A more comic incident allegedly took place in the South. A regional director of the DEA, after an evening of drinking, decided to join in the current fad, removed his clothes and "streaked" down the street. When arrested, he gave a false name and later asked that all records of his arrest be hidden because he was involved in an investigation that required him to go drinking and streaking. That was a lie, but the local police went along with it. When the DEA chief learned of the incident, grateful that it hadn't become a national scandal, he decided to fine the man rather than fire him. Now the streaker is something of a liability for the agency.

The old DEA disregarded security procedures. As revealed in the Jackson hearings, a private lawyer and millionaire from Newark, New Jersey—Thomas Durkin—had access to the highest offices in DEA although he had not been cleared through government security channels. Durkin advised the administrator of DEA on the most sensitive cases, gained access to the files and traveled at government expense though he had no official government duties. According to sources at the DEA, Durkin also arranged and helped finance parties and luncheons at private clubs in New York for foreign security chiefs when they visited the city on DEA-sponsored tours. Durkin performed these services on behalf of the US government and the firm that employed him, Seatrain Inc. of New Jersey, the international containerized shipping company. The foreign officials who attended the parties were the men responsible for enforcing customs laws or running the secret police in their countries. Few shipping companies can boast of friends like these.

The DEA took a tolerant view of data falsification. Like other enforcement agencies, the DEA tends to measure its success in terms of arrests made and kilos of heroin confiscated. An administrator expects to do well in a budget review if his deputy can report an increase in the number of arrests and tons of drugs seized. There's a great temptation, therefore, to make small arrests seem important and even to find smuggling conspiracies where none exist. For example, drug agents on occasion have arranged to have large quantities of drugs shipped to the US for the sole purpose of seizing them and piling up budget data. In the agency this is called the "numbers game." In one striking 1973 case, some DEA agents hired two "informants" to ship a large package of heroin to the US, where they planned to "seize" it at the border. At the DEA's instigation, the informants recruited a buyer in the US and a seller in Southeast Asia, but the DEA planned to prosecute neither of them. On the contrary, the heroin producer would have benefited from the transaction, because she was paid handsomely in advance. The p lan was to make an arrest at the border, grabbing the "mule"—the small crook hired to transport the drugs—and charge him with the crime. This particular numbers scheme was stopped at the last minute; others were not. In addition to subsidizing the heroin trade, the practice may divert agents from areas of real need.

The DEA was preoccupied with an interagency war. For more than 20 years, drug agents working for different bureaus have fought bitterly not just to be the first to capture the same large drug hauls, but also to grab control of the same enforcement territories. The names have changed over the years, but the fight has not. The two factions now at loggerheads are the DEA and the Customs Service. In the past, confrontations between Customs and other drug agents came close to mayhem. Many years ago, for example, one group of undercover men working for Customs and another working for the old federal Bureau of Narcotics—all heavily armed—found themselves circling the same shipment of drugs. The purchase had been arranged at one end by the Customs informants and the sale at the other end by the Narcotics Bureau, with neither agency aware of what the other was up to. Only moments before the transfer was to take place, one Customs man recognized a familiar face among the narcs and a shoot-out was averted. Memos were written; new procedures agreed to. But nothing really changed. Several years

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later in slightly different circumstances one set of agents forced another set to withdraw from their "territory" at gunpoint.

Philip Manuel, an investigator for the Jackson subcommittee, argues convincingly that many of these problems could be resolved if all drug enforcement were put under one departmental boss, and in his opinion, it should be the Secretary of the Treasury. Manuel believes this would eliminate jealousy and backbiting among the agents. The White House report insists, on the contrary, that the present agency structure should be kept. According to the report, the Treasury and Justice Departments have been asked to resolve their jurisdictional fight by the end of the year. The DEA (under Justice) will continue to enforce the law, and Customs will deal only with border seizures. If they fail to make peace, the President will settle the dispute for them. The administration is probably wise not to want another reorganization at this time, for the chaos would be unbearable for those trying to bring the DEA under control. The trauma of the 1973 shuffle still haunts the agency. Nevertheless the solution offered by the White House should be regarded as temporary.

Eventually the enforcement of drug laws must be turned over to a single department. Some say the authority should rest with the Federal Bureau of Investigation (a prospect the FBI doesn't welcome), others like investigator Phil Manuel say it belongs in Customs and still others say it belongs in DEA. It would make sense to concentrate enforcement power in the Justice Department—whether in the DEA or FBI doesn't matter—and to diminish the police role of Customs agents, whose true function is to collect revenue for the Treasury. This would mean ultimately that Customs agents wouldn't be involved in pursuing drug conspiracies, except to provide information and support for the Justice Department.

Nefarious Times We Live In

Yes. I confess. It was I, Willard Pogrebin, mild mannered and promising at one time in life, who fired a shot at the President of the United States. Fortunately for all concerned, a member of the on-looking crowd jostled the Luger in my hand causing the bullet to ricochet off a McDonald's sign and lodge in some bratwurst at Himmelstein's Sausage Emporium. After a light scuffle in which several G-men laced my trachea into a reef knot, I was subdued and carted off for observation.

How did it happen that I had come to this, you ask? Me, a character with no pronounced political convictions; whose childhood ambition was to play Mendelssohn on the cello or perhaps dance on point in the great capitals of the world? Well, it all began two years ago. I had just been medically discharged from the army, the results of certain scientific experiments performed on me without my knowledge. More precisely, a group of us had been fed roast chicken stuffed with lysurgic acid, in a research program designed to determine the quantity of LSD a man can ingest before he attempts to fly over the World Trade Center. Developing secret weapons is of great importance to the Pentagon and the previous week I had been shot with a dart whose drugged tip caused me to look and talk exactly like Salvador Dali. Cumulative side effects took their toll on my perception and when I could no longer tell the difference between my brother Morris and two soft-boiled eggs, I was discharged.

Electroshock therapy at the Veterans Hospital helped although wires got crossed with a behavioral psychology lab and I along with several chimpanzees all performed *The Cherry Orchard* together in perfect English. Broke and alone upon my release, I recall hitchhiking west and being picked up by two native Californians: a charismatic young man with a beard like Rasputin's and a charismatic young woman with a beard like Svengali's. I was exactly what they were looking for, they explained, as they were in the process of transcribing the Kaballah on parchment and had run out of blood. I tried to explain that I was en route to Hollywood seeking honest employment but the combination of their hypnotic eyes and a knife the size of a sculling oar convinced me of their sincerity. I recall being driven to a deserted ranch where several mesmerized young women force fed me organic health foods and then tried to emboss the sign of the pentagram on my forehead with a soldering iron. I then witnessed a black mass in which hooded adolescent acolytes chanted the words, "Oh wow," in Latin. I also recall being made to take peyote and cocaine and eat a white substance that came from boiled cactus, which caused my head to revolve completely around like a radar dish. Further details escape me although my mind was clearly affected as two months later I was arrested in Beverly Hills for trying to marry an oyster.

Upon my release from police custody I longed for some inner peace in an attempt to preserve what remained of my precarious sanity. More than once I had been solicited by ardent proselytizers on the street to seek religious salvation with the Reverend Chow Bok Ding, a moon-faced charismatic, who combined the teachings of Lao-Tze with the wisdom of Robert Vesco. An esthetic man who renounced all worldly possessions in excess of those owned by Charles Foster Kane, the Reverend Ding explained his two modest goals. One was to instill in all his followers the values of prayer, fasting and brotherhood and the other was to lead them in a religious war against the NATO countries. After

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attending several sermons, I noticed that Reverend Ding thrived on robot-like fealty and any diminution of divine fervor met with raised eyebrows. When I mentioned that it seemed to me the Reverend's followers were being systematically turned into mindless zombies by a fraudulent megalomaniac, it was taken as criticism. Moments later I was led swiftly by my lower lip into a devotional shrine, where certain minions of the Reverend who resembled Sumo wrestlers suggested I rethink my position for a few weeks with no petty distractions like food or water. To further underscore the general sense of disappointment with my attitude, a fist full of quarters was applied to my gums with pneumatic regularity. Ironically, the only thing that kept me from going insane was the constant repeating of my private mantra, which was, "Yoicks." Finally, I succumbed to the terror and began to hallucinate. I recall seeing Frankenstein stroll through Covent Gardens with a hamburger on skis.

Four weeks later I awoke in a hospital reasonably OK except for a few bruises and the firm conviction that I was Igor Stravinsky. I learned the Reverend Ding had been sued by a 15-year-old Maharishi over the question of which of them was actually God and therefore entitled to free passes to Loew's Orpheum. The issue was finally resolved with the help of the Bunco Squad and both gurus were apprehended as they tried to beat it across the border to Nirvana, Mexico.

By this time, although physically intact, I had developed the emotional stability of Caligula and hoping to rebuild my shattered psyche, I volunteered for a program called PET—Perlemutter's Ego Therapy, named after its charismatic founder, Gustave Perlemutter. Perlemutter had been a former bop saxophonist and had come to psychotherapy late in life but his method had attracted many famous film stars who swore that it changed them much more rapidly and in a deeper way than even the astrology column in *Cosmopolitan*.

A group of neurotics, most of whom had struck out with more conventional treatment, were driven to a pleasant rural spa. I suppose I should have suspected something from the barbed wire and the Dobermans but Perlemutter's underlings assured us that the screaming we heard was purely primal. Forced to sit upright in hard-backed chairs with no relief for 72 straight hours, our resistance gradually crumpled and it was not long before Perlemutter was reading us passages from *Mein Kampf*. As time passed it was clear that he was a total psychotic whose therapy consisted of sporadic admonitions to "cheer up."

Several of the more disillusioned ones tried to leave but to their chagrin found the surrounding fences electrified. Although Perlemutter insisted he was a doctor of the mind, I noticed he kept receiving phone calls from Yassir Arafat and were it not for a last minute raid on the premises by agents of Simon Weisenthal there is no telling what might have happened.

Tense and understandably cynical by the turn of events, I took up residence in San Francisco, earning money in the only way I now could, by agitating at Berkeley and informing for the FBI. For several months I sold and resold bits of information to federal agents, mostly concerning a CIA plan to test the resiliency of New York City residents by dropping potassium cyanide in the reservoir. Between this and an offer to be dialogue coach on a snuff porn movie, I could just make ends meet. Then one evening, as I opened my door to put out the garbage, two men leaped stealthily from the shadows and draping a furniture pad over my head, hustled me off in the trunk of a car. I remember being jabbed with a needle and before I blacked out hearing voices comment that I seemed heavier than Patty but lighter than Hoffa. I awakened to find myself in a dark closet where I was forced to undergo total sensory deprivation for three weeks. Following that I was tickled by experts and two men sang country and western music to me until I agreed to do anything they wanted. I cannot vouch for what ensued as it is possible it was all a result of my brainwashing but I was then brought into a room where President Gerald Ford shook my hand and asked me if I would follow him around the country and take a shot at him now and then, being careful to miss. He said it would give him a chance to act bravely and could serve as a distraction from genuine issues, which he felt unequipped to deal with. In my weakened condition I agreed to anything. Two days later the incident at Himmelstein's Sausage Emporium occurred.

Woody Allen

Patty Hearst And the New Terror

It has been, chant the media in numbing unison, "the most bizarre kidnap case in United States history." There has been nothing so strange, however, about the bloated journalism of cliché and caricature smothering the Hearst story, or the widespread refusal to look at the ominous social and political realities that lie so close underneath its garish surface. Of the episode's many tragedies, this failure to take it truly seriously could be the most costly.

The events were made to order, of course, for the most banal instincts of American journalism. A kind of life-imitates-"Days of Our Lives," Patty Hearst's abduction and later conversion to terrorism had, or at least could be readily supplied, all the angles. Typical of the coverage, *Newsweek* featured the story that asked the

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question:

> *. . . when or why had the formerly lighthearted, largely apolitical granddaughter of conservative publisher William Randolph Hearst . . . finally bought the simplistic and bloodthirsty Symbionese line? Had she been brainwashed? Tortured? Drugged? Was there a romantic or sexual link forged in those first weeks after SLA members dragged her screaming and half-nude from her Berkeley apartment?*

For most of the media, just the possibilities, alternating scenes of abuse and seduction, not to mention the subtle irony of all that money, were enough to pump the trivia of the story far out of proportion.

Yet it is not only that the press generally turned the story into a too-lifelike parody of Hearst journalism, or that serious reporting might have paused to think about something more honest in the agony of this young woman. The worst of the circus was that it obscured in synthetic formulas the deadly real drama of which Patty Hearst's experience was only a fragment.

Revolutionary terrorism may be the most serious and least understood issue closing in on Bicentennial America. The press coverage of the Hearst case seems symptomatic of our ignorance, much of it deliberate and defensive. What might have been a remarkable opportunity—to use a famous name to educate the public on the new scope and complexity of the problem—has been largely lost in the comforting stereotypes and platitudes we use to inure ourselves to political violence. To most readers and viewers, the SLA was a "frustrated band of outlaws," "misfits," "outsiders." They were "frenzied," their reason destroyed by drugs or insanity. It was all familiar enough.

Not that these terms may not be clinically applicable to the people involved, though their yellow press notices are hardly proof. The point is that much of the phenomenon represented by the SLA can no longer be dismissed as bizarre and aberrant. Does any major paper or magazine really have to grasp for sinister sex and brainwashing to account for Patty's odyssey in a country where the alienation of the affluent young is so commonplace and so endlessly discussed, where the psychological roles assumed by young and old alike are often so tenuous, where psychiatrists make millions every year wrestling with these problems? Why? Why the rancorous rejection, the rootlessness, the descent into violence against the life she once led? There are tortured parents all over who have never given a press conference or inherited a name and fortune who can begin to testify on that question. And if they cannot, they surely deserve a serious national effort to help them understand.

In that sense, the Patty Hearsts represent also the precarious equilibrium of so many still *in* the system. Thinking of them as freaks, summoning someone else's deranged torture and seduction to explain their vulnerability is naive and dangerous.

After we have faced these issues, there are further questions that few of us seem willing to put, questions about the origin and prospects of the growing terrorism in American politics. As Michael Walzer wrote in *The New Republic* recently (Aug. 30, 1975) much of contemporary terrorism has become indiscriminate, a nightmarish attack on innocent bystanders rather than the calculated, limited murder of political personalities that began in the 19th century. In the guise of politics and social rebellion there is also a vast measure of plain thuggery and sadistic madness.

But is it so clear that all the new terrorism is either as irrational or as purposeless as our conventional definitions reassure us? In some degree at least, we may be watching a violent reaction to the failure of mass democracy no less rationalized than the attack on individuals in an age of aristocratic or colonial government. For the revolutionary of the 1970s, the perceived hypocrisy and betrayal of the American system might easily be seen as a common responsibility, every citizen an accomplice in the status quo if only because it could not exist without mass consent.

Gone too for the new terrorist is the political concern with offending public opinion in the traditional sense. If public opinion, in its lethargy and gullibility, is seen as a vehicle of oppression, the terrorist has no practical reason to limit his targets in deference to it. In any case, the aim is not likely to be public clamor for the revolution—the forlorn hope of most 19th-century revolutionaries, violent or otherwise—but rather the time-honored sequence of internal repression, division, collapse, all fed by the demonstrated inability of the regime to prevent random violence.

Nor can we go on pretending that this sort of reasoning is bound to be impotent. Vicious and wanton as it has been, PLO terrorism is unquestionably a factor in the Middle East, perhaps of greater *intended* impact on Israeli politics and diplomacy than we have yet recognized. Terror was an influence in Vietnam, both in the atrophy of the Saigon government and in provoking the US escalations that eventually drove us from the war altogether. It has altered the politics of Northern Ireland beyond return, and may lead there, for better or worse, to a partition that no other means could have produced.

None of this can or should lift the repugnance of the civilized world to terrorism. But it will be utter folly to consign our homegrown version of it, as we have done with the SLA and others, to categories of insanity and fantasy, where *our* politics and psychology are seemingly unrelated.

Perhaps the SLA was simply too old-fashioned and theatrical with their bank robberies. How little imagination it takes to envision the almost limitless vulnerability of the modern state to a slightly more sophisticated terrorism—the bombs in bars and theaters, on trains and buses and subways, in streets

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and sports events. It is a murder that can be diminished but rarely eliminated, and then only at the rising price in the most everyday civil liberties of free and unsearched and safe passage to work or home or school.

"We always did try to get people in, informants and that kind of thing," said FBI Director Kelley about the SLA. ". . . We never did it. It frightens me to think that we do have revolutionary groups that are so dedicated . . ." Even allowing for the usual ideological or bureaucratic hyperbole on the subject, the lesson seems valid. The new terrorism will inevitably make practical as well as intellectual demands, not least on liberals.

Those on the left who are usually squeamish about such issues must not leave it to the kind of instinctively primitive and sadly out-of-touch men now governing in Washington. The nightmare is whole if we picture Gerald Ford's or Ronald Reagan's administration reacting as the bombs go off within earshot of the White House.

As for the press, it can begin no better place than to dig at the genealogy of *all* the madness. It may discover some troubling anomalies in its own rationality about violence, whether total terrorism or total war. Remember, for example, the prescription from then Brig. Gen. William C. DePuy, commanding the 1st Division in the field in 1967. "The solution in Vietnam," advised the general, "is more bombs, more shells, more napalm . . . till the other side cracks and gives up." Would the press find that also "simplistic and bloodthirsty?" And if so, how do we begin to cope with the *similarities* as well as the differences between our social and political order and the SLA?

Roger Morris

Bombs in the Trevi Fountain

The Gun in Europe

For a generation there was a general assumption that post-industrial Europe was immune to the more violent fashions in political extremism. One Budapest appeared enough to demonstrate the stability of the authoritarian East, and one Paris spring to show the irrelevance of the barricades in the West. If there were to be illicit change, it would come in the more traditional form of a formal and bloodless military coup, as has been the case in Greece and Portugal—and even then democracy appeared the ultimate winner. If terrorists did appear in Europe at Rome airport or the Olympics, they were driven by distant motives, bringing with them the violence of the periphery. If Algerians were fished from the Seine, they were, after all, Algerians. Thus when Northern Ireland slowly collapsed into chaos after 1970, the violence seemed incomprehensible to most observers, the child of Celtic malice, a religious war in the 20th century. The fact is that in recent years Europe has become a battlefield for all sorts and conditions of secret armies engaged in liberating unsuspected or unwilling nations from previously unnoticed oppressors. Much of Western Europe has become a free fire zone for this new and violent generation of guerrillas.

In recent weeks, two Turkish ambassadors have been assassinated in Vienna and Paris, a Dutch businessman kidnapped in Ireland, Spanish police shot down in the streets of Madrid, a car bombed in London, another kidnapping in Italy, more bombs in Portugal and a massive, worldwide display of indignation at the execution of Spanish revolutionaries. A quick flutter through last year's newspapers reveals that this is by no means a special or particularly violent period. Even to the optimistic there appears to be more trouble in store for Portugal, for Spain, even for Italy, and there are always the Irish. The pessimists foresee an era of revolt and reaction that may seriously strain European stability. In a large degree it has been that very stability, the economic miracle, the free movement of working populations, the easing of old tensions, the consumer revolution—all the supposedly good things of the new European life that have been responsible for the rising resort to violence by the few. Many nationalists see this next generation as crucial; independence must be achieved before all Europe slips into a homogenized Coke-culture. Now is the time for a united Ireland, a Welsh republic, a free Brittany or Corsica or Catalonia before the language is lost, before the iron laws of the Common Market drain off the people to the Saar and replace them with German tourists, before the European edges become parklands. Then there are those on the Left who see an apparently indestructible post-imperial system of oppression, a system that buys the workers' loyalty with color television sets—the opiate of the people—a system so complacent, so coercive, that only terror can engender change. And finally on the right are men who abhor the drift to secularism or to the acceptance of the Communists as respectable or to Americanization. They speak for the old values, the old ways. They speak with the bomb.

Europe is currently most vulnerable to the bomber. An Italian anarchist can drift through the restaurant underground of London without attracting notice. Greeks in Volkswagons are everywhere to be found. The Irish are in Liverpool, the Basques in Paris, and the components of infernal devices easy to purchase. And there are so many soft and symbolic targets: the giant national airlines, the embassies, the computers and prime ministers and refineries. When driven and dedicated men are determined to act no matter what the risk, the forces of order are sorely pressed. In Germany the spectacular operations choreographed by the Baader-Meinhof group forced the security forces

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into an intense, extremely expensive anti-terrorist campaign. Even the present trial of some of the members is being held in a huge, high security structure built solely for the event. A very few can produce the most disproportionate results; a single dramatic operation can be magnified by televison; one person can change history.

What is crucially important is that Europe can rumble along under such a threat. The various bombing campaigns of World War II by the Allies and the Axis dumped far more tonnage on the vulnerable than any terrorist is likely to do; but mostly life then was more uncomfortable, more dangerous, and until near the end everyone coped. Despite all their bombs the Provisional IRA has not been able to force the British to evacuate Northern Ireland—yet. No one can really take seriously a grasp for power by the Red Brigades in Italy or the new breed of German revolutionary. What is far more likely and far from a pleasing prospect is that the gunmen may unwittingly either unleash the forces of reaction or precipitate a civil war. And some of the more radically inclined revolutionaries feel that either eventuality will ultimately reward them.

In the past few years in Italy there has been a revival of revolutionary fascism. As early as 1948 a Black Legion of the unrepentant was formed in Northern Italy. Broken up by the authorities in 1951, it re-appeared in 1954 as the New Order. In April 1974, the name changed to the Political Movement of New Order and from that to the Black Order. All this elaborate verbiage may cover as few as 300 militants but there are similar militant groups, mostly north of Rome, some linked by loose ties but all dedicated to violence. This new Fascist underground in Italy assumes that if they can create a rising level of chaos at the same time the Italian Communist party creeps closer to power there will be another march on Rome.

There are those in Ireland who can envisage that a doomsday situation in the north—civil war without a British referee—will create a situation in Dublin to the advantage of *real* Irish republicans.

The Provisional IRA that arose out of the sectarian troubles of 1969-1971 has waged, until the recent truce, a classic insurgent campaign against the British army. With several thousand members, especially effective in the Catholic ghettos of Belfast and Derry and certain rural areas, with arms and money seeping in from abroad, with friends to the south in the Irish republic, the Provos under the hardliner Seamus Twomey all but hold a veto in regard to British policy options in Ulster. Their Republican rivals, the Official IRA, somewhat smaller, more radical under Cathal Goulding and Sean Goulding, is no whit less violent and perhaps more talented. The latest Republican splinter, the couple of hundred Irish Republican Socialist party of Seamus Costello, broke away from the Officials as too tame. All of these groups plus independents and individuals, the hard men of Irish politics, agree at least on one principle: Ireland was divided by force and will be united by force, and some are not beyond detonating bombs in Birmingham to underline their logic.

Not all the revolutionaries have such luminous dreams of a terrible beauty born out of a blood bath, but then a few shots in the right place might just do the trick.

And there are throughout Europe these small groups—a hundred ill-organized Corsicans or a dozen Cypriot Greeks—quite willing to shoot. Some, in fact, have been shooting for years without, until recently, attracting any great interest. The Basque liberation front of ETA, split not unlike the IRA into a political and militant wing, has for a decade been involved in a separatist campaign. They have a few hundred activists, often in exile, but tens of thousands of sympathizers. At times Spanish repression has reduced the militants to a handful, pursued even into their French sanctuaries by police gunmen. But they have persisted in assassinating Prime Minister Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco in the process. Now under extreme pressure after the executions and waves of arrests, ETA gunmen can shoot down police on the streets of Madrid.

There is at the moment no place so vulnerable to the inappropriate shot as Spain. A long 40 years have passed since the civil war. The immunization has been wearing off, for a new generation appears willing to take risks without their fathers' experience of the costs involved even if by miscalculation. No matter that all the more formal underground parties insist they want nothing more than democracy, toleration, civil liberties and a peaceful transition to the post-Franco era. There are those, well-armed and in power, who believe that democracy is a code word for decadence, that civil liberties open the door to paganism, and that toleration would destroy the state. How, indeed, can Spain tolerate a Basque republic? And for the Basque guerrillas why should they assume any Spanish government would acquiesce in secession, or any French government? Even a wise and talented government in Madrid would have great difficulty in creating a federal Spain. And it has been a very long time since a wise and talented government met in Madrid. The pent-up frustations of four decades, the nationality problem aside, will be difficult to control, the demand for vengeance real, the fears of the powerful and contented extreme. With gunmen on the street the prospects for an era of good feeling appear bleak. Only oppression has been able to maintain order in modern Spain and a continuation of the old system no longer seems a possible option; a police state can run short of policemen. Moderation, compromise and accommodation may indeed be about to have their day. The sensible will recognize the risks, ignore the bombers and the old quarrels and move on. Yet restraint and sweet reason have always had few takers in Spain.

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If elsewhere in Europe, the prospects do not seem quite so bleak, only in Scandanavia does there appear real stability. The Irish troubles go on and on; no one can see how things can get better and everyone knows they could get worse. There have been bombs in Scotland and Wales. The Bretons and Corsicans could, again, choose violence. All the Italian political parties are concerned with the men at the fringe. There are Croation guerrillas, German anarchists, Portuguese Maoists, all waiting in the wings. There are language problems in Belgium and Switzerland, cultural separatists in France, irredentists in northern Italy, and always the transients: Palestinian fedayeen, EOKA-B Cypriots, the Japanese Red Army. And Europe makes a splendid stage to play out their ambitions with violent deeds. One hopes those in power recognize that the revolutionary threat is not lethal but tolerable. Few want a march on Rome or a Spanish Civil War but without care neither is impossible. The gunman knows that, and so he has written in a role for his opponent.

Too often the role seems likely to be attractive to the threatened. Car bombs and dead policemen produce indignation and a demand for action, an end to terrorism. Outraged indignation should fit uncomfortably on those who gave us the holocaust or the fire bombing of Hamburg or a century of large scale brutality, but it does not. More to the point, such indignation is partisan. The wave of protest over the Spanish executions indicates that some gunmen are more acceptable than others, especially if they have an odious enemy in a distant country. Thus some may approve of the Red brigades but not the Black; Irish unity but not Spanish; cultural independence, but only for foreigners. One man's terrorist is another's patriot. From the seat of power in Rome or London or Madrid the gunmen are wicked, evil men who must be destroyed by any means, by all means. And therein lies the danger. Without a sense of proportion, the effort to get terror by the throat, end murder from the ditch, may do more damage to order than to the gunmen.

J. Bowyer Bell

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White House Watch

Backing and Filling

In the 10 days following the demotion of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and the dismissals of Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger and CIA director William Colby, the President and his people went to considerable lengths to make the upheaval look better than it did when Mr. Ford announced it. They made it look worse.

When the President was asked on November 3 whether he meant to say that "neither personal nor policy differences between Dr. Kissinger and Mr. Schlesinger" contributed to his dismissal of Schlesinger, he answered: "That is correct." His spokesmen and chief assistants stuck to that contention through the following week. When Mr. Ford was asked essentially the same question on *Meet the Press* on November 9, he answered in part: "I found in the last month or so that there was not as comfortable a feeling in the situation that I desired and that it was creating some problems. This doesn't mean that either of those individuals was not performing his job in a very effective way, but . . . I need a feeling of comfort within an organization—no tension, complete cohesion." Deputy Press Secretary William Greener told the President the next morning that there were sure to be questions about this obvious contradiction at the daily White House news briefing. Mr. Ford instructed Greener to reply that there was no contradiction, no difference between what he'd said on two occasions. Told by a reporter before the briefing that the President surely couldn't mean this, Greener went back to Mr. Ford and got the same reply and instruction. At the briefing a reporter said to Greener: "Then he [the President] is saying that any interpretation of his answer that he was referring to tensions between Schlesinger and Kissinger, this is wrong?" Greener answered in part: "That is correct." He said privately that the President intended in his answer on *Meet the Press* to refer to tension between himself and Schlesinger, not between Kissinger and Schlesinger. Many accounts had the President denying that there were differences between Kissinger and Schlesinger. This he didn't do. He denied and later indicated that he intended to deny only that the differences contributed to his decision to fire Schlesinger. At a press conference on November 10, Kissinger readily acknowledged that "there were differences between Secretary Schlesinger and myself, as you would expect between individuals of strong minds . . . And no question, there were some personality disputes which neither of us handled with the elegance and wisdom that perhaps was necessary." The saddening conclusion is that the President's personal dislike of James Schlesinger caused him to fire a Secretary of Defense who was described by Henry Kissinger as "a man of outstanding ability and one of the best analysts of defense matters with whom I have dealt."

The widespread view that the dismissals of Schlesinger and Colby were accomplished and announced with unnecessary brutality elicited excuses and explanations that tell a good deal about how Gerald Ford works and about the atmosphere in which he works. It appears, for instance, that some of the President's unofficial cronies and advisers may have had more to do with the changes than either Henry Kissinger or Donald Rumsfeld, the Ford assistant who replaces

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Schlesinger, had to do with them. One of the advisers, former White House assistant Bryce Harlow, told Mr. Ford several weeks before he announced the changes that he ought to get rid of either Kissinger or Schlesinger and do it soon if it were true, as Harlow understood the President to believe, that the Secretaries of State and Defense were headed toward a serious personal and policy confrontation. The impact of a sudden dismissal would be bad at any time, Harlow reasoned, but either a dismissal or a resignation because of policy differences would be politically disastrous if it were postponed until the coming election year and the season of party primaries. Given Kissinger's preeminence and the President's known liking for him and dislike of Schlesinger, this amounted to advising Mr. Ford to fire Schlesinger right away. Harlow also reasoned that the shock would be offset by a show of positive leadership. Others also offered this advice and I do not suggest that his advice was decisive.

It's also said by Mr. Ford's apologists that his decision to fire Schlesinger and Colby would have been imparted to them in much less abrupt and brutal fashion if two unexpected events had not upset the intended sequence. One of these events was Vice President Rockefeller's withdrawal on October 28 from consideration for the 1976 vice presidential nomination. The other was the premature leak to *Newsweek* of the President's intention to fire Schlesinger and to deprive Henry Kissinger of his status as assistant for national security affairs. The White House story is that Mr. Ford originally intended to tell Schlesinger and Colby that they were through sometime in the week of November 3, before their dismissals were announced and after the demotion of Kissinger had been announced. After Rockefeller gave private notice of his withdrawal, the President timed the Rockefeller announcement for Monday, the Kissinger announcement for Tuesday and the announcement of the dismissals for Wednesday. When *Newsweek* began checking its Schlesinger leak late on Saturday, November 1, the President decided that he had no choice but to tell Colby and Schlesinger of his intention as soon as possible. He had one of his assistants, John Marsh, ask them late Saturday night to be at the White House at eight and 8:30 Sunday morning. Marsh was with each of them when they got the word. He presumably is the source of the story that the word was given courteously and received quietly. It's true enough, as the White House explainers say, that there is no kindly way to fire two distinguished men and high officials. But the President had told Kissinger and Rumsfeld of his intention to fire Schlesinger and Colby on October 25. It was clear to Kissinger that the decision had been reached quite a while before then. The President told Rockefeller about the impending changes on October 28. Leaks or no leaks, there was no good reason to withhold the news from Colby and Schlesinger until the following week and the intended sequence allowed little or no more notice than they received.

Neither Kissinger nor Rumsfeld argued with the President when he called them to the Oval Office and told them of his intentions on Saturday, October 25. I'm told that they did argue later, at least to the extent of letting Mr. Ford know that they thought firing James Schlesinger was a mistake. Kissinger instructed his State Department associates and spokesmen to say as much on his behalf and he tried to convey that impression without being explicit at his press conference. The loss of his White House status, with the power and prerogatives that went with it, was a harder blow than he let on. Pride aside, his belief that it would inevitably impair his influence in the world and with other governments must have been clear to the President. Kissinger spoke to at least one person of resigning, as he has been prone to do in moments of pique and frustration ever since Richard Nixon brought him to the White House in 1969. More than once in the past six months, he has swung from momentary thoughts of quitting to readiness to remain with Mr. Ford in the dual role of assistant and Secretary of State into another term if the President is nominated and elected next year. It is inconceivable after the demotion, that he would remain into another term and that he would do the President and the country the disservice of quitting before this term ends.

The case of Schlesinger's successor, Donald Rumsfeld, is fascinating and I don't pretend to know what to make of it. The proffered story is that he thought firing Schlesinger was a mistake, told the President so during the week that followed October 25, and agreed to accept the nomination to succeed Schlesinger only on the Sunday that the Secretary of Defense and William Colby were dismissed. It is a fact that Rumsfeld formally accepted only after his 34-year-old deputy and White House successor, Richard Cheney, telephoned him from Florida that Sunday afternoon and said the President insisted that he take the job. It also is a fact that Rumsfeld has been preparing Cheney to succeed him as the White House chief of staff for the past eight months. Last March or thereabouts, Rumsfeld began seeing to it that Cheney had more and more contact with the President and that others on the staff knew he did. Junior assistants started saying last August that Dick Cheney and Don Rumsfeld were virtually indistinguishable and that Cheney's orders were obeyed as unquestioningly as Rumsfeld's were. The consensus in the White House press room is that anybody who'd believe that Rumsfeld didn't plot Schlesinger's ruin and his accession to the job would believe that Gerald Ford doesn't really want to be elected President. Sadly, the Ford White House begins to remind me of the Nixon White House. It's a place where a fellow doesn't know what to believe.

John Osborne

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Arming Arabs

Upsetting the Balance In the Middle East

by Tad Szulc

Just two months after Egypt and Israel signed the interim Sinai agreement negotiated by Henry Kissinger, the United States and the Soviet Union have become involved in secret, previously unreported, military maneuvering in the Middle East that could in the end turn the strategic balance against Israel. Early in November the Russians secretly resumed limited arms shipments to Egypt, the first since Moscow turned off the spigot last May. The US, for its part, is bolstering Arab air forces, and justifying its actions as consistent with Secretary Kissinger's concept of "evenhandedness." As Russian, US and other weapons systems flow into Arab hands, promised shipments of US war materiel to Israel are running inexplicably behind schedule.

According to the Pentagon's intelligence experts, Soviet ships with military hardware began arriving in Alexandria and other Egyptian ports in the first days of this month. Described as "low profile," this flow is believed to consist of crates containing spare parts for airplanes and helicopters as well as for armored vehicles, artillery and trucks. Intelligence sources do not rule out, however, that the new shipments may also include crated planes and various types of ammunition.

These deliveries are reported to have coincided with the visit in the United States by Egyptian President Sadat, who sought, apparently unsuccessfully, support from President Ford to buy American arms. The Soviet shipments obviously were arranged prior to Sadat's visit, contradicting his claim that Egypt had decided it no longer wishes to be dependent on Russian arms.

After leaving Washington, Sadat tentatively contracted for the purchase of British and French equipment, notably the new Franco-British Jaguar strike jet fighter, but American military intelligence specialists doubt strongly that Egypt can switch in the foreseeable future from Soviet to Western weapons systems. They say that despite Sadat's recent denunciations of the Soviet Union, his armed forces cannot operate for very long without Russian equipment.

The intelligence community takes the view that Kissinger may have overestimated US capability to eliminate Soviet influence from the Middle East, including Egypt, despite his success in keeping the Russians out of his step-by-step diplomacy. Moscow, it is argued by intelligence experts, has too much of an investment in Egypt simply to bow out. While Sadat's visit to Washington strengthened US-Egyptian ties—Cairo is to receive American economic aid and a nuclear reactor for power production—skeptics think that Sadat is hedging his bets. A high-level Soviet visit to Cairo may be in the offing to seek reconciliation.

Soviet deliveries to Egypt are dwarfed by the continuing shipments of sophisticated materiel to Syria. The Syrians have been so glutted that intelligence sources wonder if they have reached the saturation point. One conjecture is that some of it may be diverted to Egypt in an emergency. Syria, for example, has some 70 MiG-23 fighter-bombers—the most advanced Soviet warplane; Egypt has 30 of them. The MiG-23 can outperform the American-built Phantom, the mainstay of the Israeli air force, in certain conditions—particularly in high-altitude encounters—but it alone can't disturb the strategic balance.

The real danger is the bolstering of other Arab air forces which, in a conflict, could intervene to support both the Egyptians and the Syrians. This is what the US, prompted by the State Department, appears to be doing for the Arab air forces:

1) Last June, the Pentagon, pursuant to the law, informed Congress that $119.5 million would be spent for "in-house" support and maintenance of F-5A jet fighters purchased in recent years by Saudi Arabia, and for pilot training. Pentagon sources suggest, however, that the actual amount is expected to be closer to $300 million. Actually there are reasons to believe that in most cases Saudi Arabia would be allowed to buy the more advanced F-5E ("Tiger") version of this aircraft, replacing the original F-5As. Likewise—and, apparently, the Congress has not been so advised—these planes will be equipped with both the Maverick television-guided air-to-ground missile and the Rockeye laser-guided "smart" bomb. This would match Israeli air technology. In some instances the old F5-A would be retrofitted to carry the Maverick and the Rockeye. Saudi pilots are trained at home by Northrop Corporation teams and at air force bases in the US. The Israeli fear is that the modernized Freedom Fighters might be meshed with the Egyptian air force in the event of war.

2) The United States reportedly agreed last summer to let Saudi Arabia buy an undisclosed number of F-15 jet fighter-bombers. This is a new-generation aircraft, a possible replacement for the Phantom, and Israel, too, has been promised F-15s. Under the agreement, the first F-15s are to be delivered to Saudi Arabia in 1977. US Air Force teams are said to have visited Saudi Arabia recently to discuss the F-15 deal. The Saudis were given the option of purchasing the F-16 fighter, but they chose the F-15 because of earlier delivery dates. The F-16 would first be available in 1980. The Israeli view, according to American intelligence experts, is that modernized F-5s and the F-15s in Saudi hands could upset the strategic air balance in the Middle East within two years. This imbalance would be even greater if the Soviets continue to supply the MiG-23 to Egypt and Syria.

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3) Kuwait is to receive, over an eight-month period, 36 Skyhawk jet fighter-bombers along with Hawk antiaircraft missile systems, similar to those being given Jordan. Israel has been flying Skyhawks for years and, intelligence experts say, its scientists have perfected electronic counter-measures (ECM) gear, weapons delivery systems and navigational computers on them. The Israeli concern is that Kuwait will benefit from these improvements on the Skyhawks since they have been incorporated into new models.

4) Despite formal denials by the State Department, intelligence officials insist that a limited number of Egyptian pilots are being trained in Iran on Phantoms purchased by the Tehran regime. If this is the case, a violation of US law could be involved, possibly forcing an automatic halt of Phantom deliveries to the Iranians. Under the Foreign Military Sales Act of 1973, countries obtaining US equipment may not make it available for use in any way by "third" countries without the consent of the President of the US as communicated to the Congress; the legislative history suggests that this ban would be applied to training practices as well. Such training of Egyptian pilots gives them access to American equipment outside US territory and may constitute the "first step" in the direct supply of high aerial technology to the Egyptians.

Informed sources say that the Pentagon opposed this use of Phantoms by Egyptians in Iran after the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) learned of it through its own channels. A high-level Pentagon protest to the State Department produced the response, "don't muddy the waters." It is assumed that this program, initiated early in September, is continuing.

It is impossible to determine whether these decisions to support Arab air forces had a direct link with the Sinai negotiations; some officials suspect that Kissinger used them as "bargaining chips" with the Egyptians. The State Department denies the Phantom program. Kissinger is not known to have alluded to these policies when he explained the Sinai agreement in executive sessions of congressional committees. He assured Congress that there were no secret US commitments behind the Sinai agreement.

Some officials suspect that the support given Arab air forces is part of a larger policy of continuing pressure on Israel in anticipation of further Kissinger step-by-step diplomacy in the Middle East. The reported resumption of Soviet arms shipments to Egypt serves, of course, to increase this pressure for additional concessions. As one official critical of State Department policies remarked recently, "in the end, Israel will be limited to total dependence on US aid or a nuclear option." Inasmuch as an Israeli resort to the nuclear option is considered extremely unlikely, the developing military situations in the Middle East seem to portend new pressures on Jerusalem for continued concessions to Egypt and for negotiations with Syria over relinquishing at least a part of the Golan Heights.

The '76 Campaign

Lloyd Bentsen, Progressive Capitalist

by Paul R. Wieck

One of the light touches Texas' Lloyd M. Bentsen, Jr. uses to coax a chuckle out of his audiences comes right at the start, after he acknowledges the head table dignitaries and winds up with a nod to the presiding officer as he utters: "Mr. President." Then he looks up, a grin curling out of his mouth, as he says: "Mr. President. That has a nice ring to it." What follows is uneven. There are no more laughs, no hint of why he wants the power that goes with the presidency. He can be effective if he's into the subject, the speech is short and the audience is with him. But, basically, he still gives a sober recitation. His stress is on the economy and what should be done to it, almost to the exclusion of other issues except for occasional forays into foreign policy. His economic remedies are reminiscent of those offered by his party in the late '50s. So is his strategy for winning the nomination.

He adds up to something of a paradox. Here's an essentially private man, a man who has no trouble being alone with himself, a man of modest social habits (mostly tennis with colleagues, small dinner parties), but also a successful politician who can roll up his shirt sleeves. He tucks his emotions behind a bland exterior, even though charisma is held in high regard. He is photogenic. He's a businessman who built up a multimillion-dollar holding company (some estimates of his worth go as high as $20 million, but it's in a blind trust and he claims he doesn't know the figure anymore). He's best in groups of like-minded people.

The people around him see Bentsen as a bright, ambitious man who may not lust for power but still must have a challenge. The White House happened to be the challenge dangled in front of him by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D, Mont.) who included him on his list of potential presidential candidates for 1976 as far back as 1972. It was stimulus enough to cause Bentsen to call key aides in and ask them what chance they thought he'd have. They encouraged him, convinced the vice presidency was a real possibility (when asked about that, Bentsen says "that's my bad ear") and, at any rate, thinking it would make him a better senator.

The explanation—that he needs a challenge—fits his background. He's the scion of a wealthy farming and ranching family from the lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas. His grandfather, a Danish immigrant, homesteaded in South Dakota, moved on to the Rio Grande, and Bentsen's father followed. The family prospered

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and, today, in its third and fourth generations has one of the largest agricultural operations in the nation. But farming was never for Bentsen. He arrived on the Austin campus of the University of Texas in the '30s as a child of at least some affluence in contrast to the barefoot John Connally of a few years earlier (they were friends). Bentsen's chums of his college days remember him as a personable and well-known fellow about campus but, unlike the ego-driven Connally, "not a star." He picked out one of the prettiest girls on campus, took a law degree in five years, enlisted in the air force after World War II broke out and married his college sweetheart, B.A. (for Beryl Ann) Longino. Back in the Rio Grande Valley after 50 missions, he was elected county judge in Hidalgo County in 1946 and, two years later at 27, announced for Congress. The incumbent then dropped out and Bentsen won the seat, one of a new breed of World War II veterans. For that period, his views were moderate enough to prompt him to vote to do away with the onerous poll tax. It's that vote that friends always mention 30 years later.

Bentsen was one of several young men in the House at that time who were favorites of Speaker Sam Rayburn. But he decided to quit after three terms. It upset Rayburn, who called him in, told him he was a fool to give up a safe seat, told him he could be speaker himself, in 25 years. But to Bentsen, then only 33, 25 years seemed like an "interminable" time to wait. He was already, as he told a college friend at the time, "frustrated by being part of a thundering herd." It was tough to raise a family on the $12,500 salary a member got in those days so he decided to go home and earn some money. Bentsen chose insurance, played around the fringes of politics (he helped Rayburn and Johnson take the delegation away from Allen Shivers in 1956, gave Connally his first campaign contribution in 1962), built his fortune and waited for the right time to return to active politics.

Sen. Ralph Yarborough was up for reelection in 1970 and was considered unbeatable. He had strong support in the rural areas and a fanatical following in the well organized liberal coalition of labor, the minorities and urban activists. Polls gave Bentsen a two percent recognition factor. His friends told him to forget it. But he caught Yarborough unprepared.

Yarborough, engrossed in legislative duties, thought his real challenge would come in the fall (against George Bush) and neglected his primary campaign until it was too late. That brought Bentsen within striking distance and, in the closing weeks, he unloosed a TV saturation campaign that left scars that may never heal. Bentsen's people hired the Houston advertising firm Rives, Dyke and Co. to mount a campaign against Yarborough. He also hit him hard on his opposition to the prayer amendment. It cost Yarborough dearly and Bentsen emerged a surprise winner.

The Bentsen who showed up in Washington in January of 1971 turned out to be something other than the ogre who ran a dirty campaign against Yarborough the previous spring. He hired a staff noticeably more liberal than the public perception of him. He made a trip to Vietnam, decided it was a war we couldn't win and joined the antiwar bloc in the Senate. That was a big plus in 1971. He took a look at the supersonic transport, labeled it a "piece of technological elegance we can't afford" and voted no. Another big plus. He's been good on women's issues. He was named to the Senate Finance Committee even before he developed his new image, won the confidence of Chairman Russell Long (D, La.) and was instrumental in breaking a long jurisdictional deadlock over pension reform.

It's important to remember Bentsen looks at the world through the eyes of a successful businessman, one who worked his way into the corporate sanctums of Continental Oil, Lockheed, the Bank of the Southwest, one who is at home in those surroundings. He knows what the business community can do and what it can't. It's both the strength and the weakness of his candidacy. He backs vigorous pump priming in a time of recession because he knows the corporate world won't gamble its capital at a time like that. He knows the operations of the major oil companies abroad and didn't hesitate to support tax reforms he thought were justified, including elimination of the depletion allowance and bigger royalty payments on federal leases.

He's genuinely concerned with getting people off welfare and unemployment roles and puts heavy emphasis on the role of the government in providing temporary public service jobs. His business experience tells him that such things as basic research have been neglected for the last 20 years, both by business and by government. Bentsen wants to hand basic research over to the universities with federal funding, hoping thereby to extend our industrial capacity, create new jobs, etc. He also wants to set up an "energy bank" to guarantee 80 percent of the cost of developing alternative energy sources (business would have to risk the first 20 percent). This, he insists, would speed up development of the technology needed to make coal gasification plants feasible, to turn over part of the energy load to solar sources, etc. In short, he's a progressive capitalist.

Like his competition in the multi-candidate field for the Democratic nomination, Bentsen built his strategy around his strengths and that makes him a "centrist" candidate in today's Democratic party, often in competition with Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D, Wash.) and Georgia's former Gov. Jimmy Carter.

To direct his strategy, Bentsen picked Ben Palumbo, the toughminded and ambitious administrative assistant to Sen. Harrison (Pete) Williams (D, NJ).

Two areas were selected for special attention—that stretch of the mid-South and the Border States running from Texas to Virginia and the big industrial states of the Northeast and Midwest. In the first area, Bentsen's

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opposition to forced busing and to a negative income tax and his vocal support of economic pump priming and low interest rates were ideal to set off his low emotional profile and business background. Just right, in fact, for a moderate coalition. Virginia was singled out. Bentsen made trip after trip there, gradually lining up backing. More than 100 party leaders signed up with him. After repeated trips to the mountainous "Fighting Ninth" in southwest Virginia, he lined up 15 of 17 county chairmen. It's a caucus state and the caucuses were moved up a few days (to early April) so they'd come right before the Wisconsin and New York primaries, giving Bentsen a splendid chance of scoring in a fairly early convention state. He then moved on to Tennessee.

His strategy has its drawbacks. To round up support, Bentsen has campaigned vigorously in Tanktown, USA, from Kingsport, Tennessee, to Sikeston, Missouri to Las Cruces and Hobbs, New Mexico, all in nominally Democratic territory but out of the party's ideological mainstream in recent years. He's found support. But it's taken its toll. By late summer, he was worn out. It showed in the deepening lines in his face, in sluggish speeches such as the one at the Young Democrats convention, where he bombed. It also aroused criticism in his Senate office. What was he doing out there speaking to little clumps of people who'd never do him any good?

There were obvious difficulties with Bentsen's strategy from the start. He wrote off the early primaries in New Hampshire and Wisconsin, both favored launching pads for liberal candidates in recent years. Too few delegates, his aides said. Better put your money on bigger state primaries with more votes—maybe Massachusetts or New York, now the same day as Wisconsin. But which one? New York is tempting but it's the one state in which Jackson, his major competitor for the affections of party regulars in the industrial states, is said to have something going. Then there's the South and the overshadowing presence of Wallace. It's conventional wisdom down there that it's important to get Wallace in a two man race to beat him in a major primary. Bentsen was tempted by Florida. It comes early. But there was absolutely no way of keeping Carter and possibly Jackson and some others out of that one so he's putting it aside.

Then there's his home state of Texas. One of Bentsen's favorite ploys is to demurely downplay his confrontation with Wallace in Texas but, once the cameras have stopped, turn to a reporter and vigorously insist he's going to whomp the man back home. His polls show it, he confides. Not only that, he took a camper and spent a couple of weeks touring rural East Texas, a Wallace stronghold, during the August Senate recess. The Wallace challenge comes in handy back home. Bentsen needs to put together a moderate-to-liberal coalition with conservative support so he's using the Wallace threat to pressure liberals and organized labor to get into his camp. It's working in some cases. The United Steelworkers have come out for him in Texas and not a few liberals are musing aloud that the best strategy for surviving til the convention might be to sign up with Bentsen while, simultaneously, doing in Wallace. Meanwhile, he's being accused of "un-Texan votes" by the conservative establishment. There's a rumor going around Texas press circles that Palumbo had a flier printed with a picture of an oil derrick and the question "What Do You Think of a Texas Senator Who Voted Against the Oil Depletion Allowance?" It was for circulation in the Northeast. Word has it that copies got back to Houston and caught the attention of the oil moguls.

One thing is certain. That vote annoyed the oil men enough to cause them to huddle with Rep. Alan Steelman (R) of Dallas, a very attractive House member who's gearing up to run against Bentsen in the Senate race next year (his term is up and he's running for both jobs in the LBJ tradition).

To further complicate things, money problems developed. Bentsen picked up a big wad early in Texas, quickly qualified in 19 other states and started touring Tanktown, USA. He also spent freely. Example: the cocktail party at the Kansas City convention where thousands turned up for a free drink and stood around joking about how dumb it was to waste all that money when he wasn't going to pick up any support as a result. There were other frills, all of them puzzling, given the spending limitations. Month by month, Bentsen spent more than was raised and his kitty diminished. August was to be the month to recoup. After he finished his tour of East Texas, he took off in search of money. He flopped. Some blame George Bristol, his finance man, for trying to raise the money needed by charging admission when Bentsen does so well with small, select groups who've been invited as guests. Now he plans to go back to Texas to try to raise another wad there and, at the same time, check back with the people contacted in August. This raises some serious questions. Not the least is this one: how many times can he tap his Texas sources without endangering his supply of funds for a Senate campaign, especially when he'll apparently face an attractive, well-financed challenger next year?

At that crucial point in early September, just as Bentsen's money problems were surfacing and people around him were grumbling about the direction the campaign was taking, Bentsen and Palumbo sat down in Bentsen's office for a long chat. When it was over, Palumbo quit. Now Bentsen has trimmed his strategy, abandoned a "front-runner" pace set by Palumbo. Some offices are being closed. Aides now see Bentsen as a moderately conservative man who should rally enough of that wing of the party behind his candidacy (without continuing the campaign pace Palumbo had set for him) to have his share of delegates to bargain with when the brokers sit down in New York next summer.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Travesties

(Barrymore)

John Wood is a superb actor, epitomizing an English tradition that includes Rex Harrison (of yore) and Robert Flemyng and that goes back through Granville-Barker at least to David Garrick. This is an acting tradition that masters high comedy and then moves *through* it, not past it, to serious drama, even tragedy, exploring the dark places with keen, anti-sententious, poignant sensibility. (Although Garrick is probably remembered chiefly as a tragedian because of the *Hamlet* episode in *Tom Jones*, in fact he played comedy much more often than tragedy.) Wood, with Roman profile, with lean grace and with converse charming awkwardness when he wants it, enters like the best news of a centuries-old culture, overwhelming us with carefully controlled carelessness, announcing that from the locus of his talent and tradition he will proceed to shape the world on stage. He does what all fine actors do: he makes us feel confident and apprehensive—confident that he will never falter in command, apprehensive that he will detonate explosions outside the range of our usual lives.

His electric body cuts the shapes of his character's feelings. He uses language the way Baryshnikov uses space. The voice itself is unique. A good deal of the time it is chordal: we can hear *simultaneously* a higher and a lower register. Then, as he chooses, Wood uses the light or the lower, returning eventually to the double middle. At first we suspect that something may be wrong. Is the doubleness a hoarseness of the tenor? No, it is his whole voice, unstrained, which showers us with the pleasures of musical meaning right through to the end.

In Tom Stoppard's new play Wood is Henry Carr, the member of the British consular staff in Zurich, 1917, who figured in James Joyce's life (thus in Richard Ellmann's biography). Stoppard's story, fantasizing on fact, presents Carr first as an old codger reminiscing about the great days in Zurich. After a brief first scene with others in the Zurich Public Library, Wood bursts out on to the forestage in dressing gown, slippers and hat, freighted with crankiness and venom and glee, lights a cigarette (he smokes incessantly, dropping matches and ashes in his pocket), shuffles rapidly to a piano at the side, whams it a bit, then comes back to the forestage and goes into a monologue—four and a half pages in the published script. I wish it had been 40: not only because Wood is wonderful but because the play starts to go downhill as soon as he finishes. Then he sheds his robe and hat, pulls the slipper-covers off his shoes, and in elegant 1917 dress steps out of the figurative chimney-corner from which the old crock has been surveying the past into a manner—English, dandified, serene—that is itself a code of ethics. Through the play Wood moves back and forth from 1917 to old age, but that is the least of his varieties; *within* each of those ages he discriminates spectrums of pathos and wit that are almost physically pleasurable.

But when are we going to see Wood in a good play? All he has done previously in the US are an earlier Stoppard play, the fleetingly clever *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* and Gillette's *Sherlock Holmes*. Scintillating as I thought him in both, I would have an inadequate idea of Wood's resources if I hadn't seen him in the Royal Shakespeare Company production of Gorky's *Enemies* in London, 1971, turning the drunken Yakov into a character of Chekhovian depth. In 1970 he had played Richard Rowan in the RSC production of Joyce's *Exiles*, directed by Harold Pinter, and if I could have afforded it, I'd have flown over to see the play. Wood's career has included much Shakespeare of course. And Stoppard writes for him, which is understandable on Stoppard's part but circumscribing for us.

Because Stoppard is still only a bright, juvenile sprinter. His brightness includes an eye for striking situations and an ear for witty diction at a level slightly higher than that of general English articulateness. He is juvenile because, although he seems to be dealing with such matters as fate (*R & G*), moral philosophy (*Jumpers*), and art *v.* politics (*Travesties*), he is merely using these subjects as trampolines for undergraduate acrobatics, getting credit for penetrating them when he is only bouncing off them. He is a sprinter because he starts fast and finishes quickly: he plunges into promising situations and then breaks their promises, too short-winded to fulfill them artistically and intellectually.

He was bright enough, for instance, to note that Joyce and Lenin and Tristan Tzara, father of Dada, were all in Zurich at the same time; and to imagine that they were all acquainted (which they were not); and to choose as his focal point this Henry Carr who was in a Zurich production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* for which Joyce was business manager and who got involved with Joyce in furious quarrels and lawsuits over trifles.

Stoppard's method has been figuratively to let Wilde's comedy and *Ulysses*, which was being written at the time, soak into one another in a purée of parody and cross-reference, laced with some volatile Wildean imitations of his own. (Carr's manservant informs him that social revolution has broken out in Russia, and Carr assumes that, for past grievances, the masters have taken up arms against the servants.) When I read *Travesties* some months ago the first 30 pages or so seemed to bubble in my hand, whizzing with vaudeville and caprice; but it soon became clear that the play had nothing to do *but* bubble, that it wasn't heading anywhere, and the bubbles flattened. By the second of the two acts Stoppard began to realize that he had to find some place to go in order to justify the first act, so he whipped up a

Films Worth Seeing

Dog Day Afternoon. Al Pacino shines as homosexual bank robber in fantastic tale based on fact that ends fuzzily.

Nashville. Multi-stranded story of country-music world, supposed to be US in little. Much littler than it thinks but smoothly done.

Rooster Cogburn. John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn lolling around pleasantly in hokey sequel to *True Grit*.

Swept Away. Italian desert island romance, sharply done on the island, shabby back on the mainland.

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feeble undergraduate controversy about the validity of art in the presence of political urgencies, and he spun it around a bit to fill out the structure. Here are old Carr's last words, the last of the play:

> *I learned three things in Zurich during the war. I wrote them down. Firstly, you're either a revolutionary or you're not, and if you're not you might as well be an artist as anything else. Secondly, if you can't be an artist, you might as well be a revolutionary . . . I forget the third thing.*

That is bankruptcy trying to put a brave face on it.

Matters are worsened in proof because of the casting in this RSC production. Peter Wood (no relation, I think, to his leading actor) who directed the first Ionesco and Pinter in London some 20 years ago, has some deftness in the staging of this free-wheeling kind of play, but he has done the same thing here that he did with his American reproduction of Stoppard's *Jumpers* last year: he has cast it inadequately. The best we get from them is passable dullness—Harry Towb (Lenin), Frances Cuka (Mrs. Lenin), John Bennett (Carr's servant). But Beth Morris (a librarian), Tim Curry (Tzara), James Booth (Joyce) and Meg Wynn Owen (Carr's sister) are painfully bad. (And Owen gets to murder a whole Shakespeare sonnet.) The long scenes when John Wood is offstage seem interminable—wet prankishness—and when he is on with the others, their incompetence is even more clear. The evening is like Beverly Sills in flashy minor Donizetti with a scratch supporting cast.

And, speaking of music, I don't understand the anachronisms of the incidental score. Care has been taken with period costumes, but one of the songs that's played in 1917 is "Louise" from Maurice Chevalier's *Innocents of Paris* made in 1929.

The title *Travesties* is, I suppose, meant to be descriptive of the method of the play and the vanity of human wishes. But Stoppard's script is only a travesty of the travesties that might have been there. On the evidence so far John Wood is a much more important artist than the author to whom he is devoted.

Keepers of the Faith

The Worm and the Snake

Columbia, SC

I wait on the Arts Commission porch, a middle-aged academic, watching the shrapnel of early summer splatter the wrought-iron fences and whitewashed walls of the government compound. I have agreed to introduce a movie on upcountry snakehandling to the blacks of John's Island. The strategy is both implausible and ironic, reversing the Gullah trade routes of anthropologists and filmmakers by acquainting sea island blacks with primitive white religion. I know little about my subject or the audience at the church, and nothing about my collaborator, a black professor from Guyana whose name is Dr. Bone. I think of Eisenstein on his agittrains at the front, but my misgiving persists.

When my companion arrives, he is as courtly as a Watusi prince, tall and angular, with two puffs of white hair behind his ears and an amulet of bone around his neck. As we leave Columbia he spots a motel restaurant that looks like a left-over set for *The Last Detail* and suggests we stop for coffee.

A marine insignia is on the door and on the tapedeck case inside is a sticker that says Sailors Have More Fun. The room smells like a submarine in drydock. A teeny-bopper in a platinum wig saunters out of the cavernous backroom dancefloor, hip-huggers barely hugging her fish-white belly, haltered bosom pointed upwards like quizzical eyebrows posing salacious possibilities. As Dr. Bone orders coffee-to-go in his Nat King Cole baritone, two ex-Nazis slouch in from the dancefloor, sipping Budweisers for breakfast and staring balefully at me and Dr. Bone. One of them has a beard and a tattoo with someone's name wrapped around an anchor; the other is wearing a black jacket with the sleeves torn off. Dr. Bone turns his head from side to side like a wading bird at the zoo. I'm in the middle of a complicated anecdote and I begin to talk faster, ignoring blackjacket's efforts to get into the conversation. The teeny-bopper brings us our coffee and holds up two fingers as she puts it on the counter. Without asking what the fingers mean I throw two dollars down and edge toward the door, talking all the time. The goons follow us to the car, slack-jawed and ominous. Dr. Bone waits until we are back on the I-26 to Charleston; then he asks, "Well . . . did I pass?" "Not even close, Dr. Bone," I answer, "but you escaped."

We stop again for lunch between Charleston and John's Island passing up the Taco Belle for Long John Silver's, a fast-food franchise with a phony boat-dock facade and waitresses dressed like pirates. We are two miles from John's Island, but progress has hacked its way right to the water's edge. Everything in the restaurant is doll's house furniture, including the food, which looks like the plaster tidbits in Beatrix Potter's "Two Bad Mice." In the little cardboard boxes on diminutive trays are five or six dabs that are said to be hushpuppies. The traffic churns by outside like an endless hydroplane race, and we look at the antique maps on the wall as we eat.

When we find the Mt. Zion church, there are only two cars parked in the white sand between the community center and the graveyard. Several of the graves have red, white and blue wreathes on them, and the long moss of the live oaks waves slowly back and forth overhead. In the stillness I can feel the slow inundation of nature reclaiming the place like the tide licking the black bubbling mud beneath a pier. There is something aboriginal about the lowcountry, from which an upcountryman instinctively recoils, half-repelled. An indistinct murmur, like a cloud of sandflies, comes from the recently-built but ramshackle building as I follow Dr. Bone inside.

They have already started the movie and it takes a while for my eyes to adjust to the gloom, though it is scarcely dark enough to get a clear image on the screen and the soundtrack is unintelligible. Our audience is a half-dozen aged Negroes who sit in patient bewilderment on folding chairs, docile and inscrutible. Their faces are so black I can hardly make out their features. An old

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WELFARE

THE NEW YORK TIMES,
Joseph Morgenstern
Working freely and intuitively, Wiseman makes bold structural choices. "Welfare" shows in the most graphic terms that the welfare mess is not going to go away, because it's a consequence, not a cause, of the incalculably larger mess of modern industrial society

THE WASHINGTON POST,
Gary Arnold
For almost three hours Wiseman sustains a sense of reality and human interest that television in general seldom sustains for two minutes at a stretch.

THE NEW REPUBLIC,
Roger Rosenblatt
Wiseman's subject, as ever, is modern American life, and he is as fair to that as it deserves.

THE VILLAGE VOICE, James Wolcott
Though Frederick Wiseman keeps a low profile, he's a true disturber of the peace. In its chronicling of suffering and powerlessness, "Welfare" is Wiseman's dark contribution to the Bicentennial.

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man with his chin resting on arthritic hands folded over a gnarled walking stick stares at me with yellow rheumy eyes. Across the hall, in another cubicle of concrete block, rows of little children sit with their heads on their desks, evidently listening to the movie.

There isn't much to hear. It is the images that count in this movie—the loose-jointed puppetry of the poorwhite gait, the rawboned earnestness of expression, the slow gesticulation and intensely vacuous stare. It is like a seance, these pallid wraiths and garbled voices from the screen trying to explain to baffled children and dotards how determined they are in the face of persecution, taking us to see the boxes of snakes in their backyards, listlessly telling us from rocking chairs and front porches how important their faith is to them, a reason for living. They sit in their churches, men on one side, women on the other, and the men embrace like soldiers about to risk their lives in combat. And when the spirit moves them, amid a babble of unknown tongues, they take up the serpents in writhing bunches, passing them from hand to hand, jerking with galvanic spasms, not dancing but convulsing. They are mainlining the Word all right, but the idiom is hillbilly rather than soul and the audience has trouble taking it in.

When the movie is over no one stirs. Dr. Bone motions for me to speak first and I step in front of the screen while the film still flaps on its reel. I am accorded the skeptical courtesy given a white gang boss. After all there are no blacks in the film; this is a white man's amusement.

I feel a surge of disdain from the filmmaker's romantic primitivism, for the tendency to overvalue sincerity, to embrace relativism at the cost of every value judgment. It's true, of course: uprooted people, like orchids in a hothouse, blossom into morbid atavisms. But it's not the persistence of spiritual aspiration that haunts and obsesses me; it is the physical blight of stunted lives out of which that aspiration grows, like weeds in the cracks of an asphalt parking lot.

Never mind the rural tradition of the camp meeting in the South—snakehandling is a post-industrial phenomenon, spawned by the textile mills and the rootlessness of workers flushed from the hills. Even in the films, the visual clutter of their lives is antithetical to the stark simplicity of Walker Evans' sharecroppers. Their religion has been jerrybuilt from the Appalachian junkyard—the broken washing machines on the porch, the bedsprings and tin cans in the gully, the engineless Chevy on blocks in the yard. Their graves are weed-grown holes on a scraggly hillside—no hint of the dignified destitution of John Ford's pioneers, dust sifted to dust as the vast mesa and vaster sky loom above them. This is a backwater, not a frontier, and the faithful seem more concerned with this world than the next. Unto Caesar they render Kentucky fried chicken and suburban station wagons, unto Christ fluorescent Last Suppers and electric guitars. It is discount-house religion, an Appalachian cargo cult, built on the rock of consumerism and hence not our contradiction but our lowest common denominator.

I peer at my audience and they peer back with the helpless lassitude of paralytics in the bathroom. The ancient worm is not in their hands but in their bellies. The lowcountry is epidemic with ascaris infestation, and the Select Committee on Human Needs and Nutrition has vowed to eradicate it, as the sheriff has vowed to deprive the Holiness Church of its rattlesnakes and copperheads. The worm and the snake. The automobile is the snakehandlers' chariot of fire; yet for all the time they spend traveling about with their snakes they stay in the same place, in the same pocket of ignorance and enthusiasm. The sea island blacks still move to the rhythms of sea and marsh rather than the internal combustion engine; but only the very young and the very old are here, and those under the long moss outside whom the eternal worm possesses forever.

I think of the old dream of abolitionists and populists, of a natural alliance between poor white and Negro, and in my momentary zeal I almost blurt out, "Brothers and Sisters, the old serpent has got us all!" But what *am* I to say? My audience thinks I'm a visiting snakehandler, and in a way they're right. I have come with movie equipment and good intentions to bring them their share of technocracy, to introduce the K-Mart to John's Island.

I think: the span of recorded history is so brief that if all my direct forebears were to stand in a single line, generation by generation, I could shout to my ancestor of 10,000 years ago. It occurs to me with a dizzying rush that I stand now at one end of history about to address the other, to invoke that archetypal symbol of wisdom and evil and eternity—that I am at the exact point at

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which the serpent takes its tail in its mouth and history falls away like a sloughed skin.

"The Bible says," I begin, "'And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.'"

The eyes of my audience are glazed. I broaden my gestures to get their attention.

"Doesn't this mean that those who truly believe will not sin or die? Doesn't it mean the serpent in the garden, not just any snake in the woods?"

Now my audience is becoming restive.

"Don't the snakehandlers tempt God as Satan tempted Christ on the mountaintop? What if I were to say, 'Prove you are God right here and now. Prove I'm saved by letting me hold these angry rattlesnakes without being hurt.'"

Suddenly all hell breaks loose. As I raise my hand full of imaginary serpents, the woman next to me throws back her chair with a Gullah shriek: "Ain't no snake goan touch me!" she cries, and the old man with yellow eyes struggles to his feet, brandishing his stick like Moses' rod. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman!" he shouts hoarsely.

It occurs to me for the first time that my audience is half blind. "What? What did you say?" I yell to the old man over the confusion of scraping chairs and shuffling feet.

He waves his stick, almost hitting a birdlike old woman who has fallen asleep in her chair. "It shall bruise thy heel and thou shalt bruise his head!" He pounds the floor for emphasis and the old woman wakes with a start.

"Wait," I shout, "there're not any snakes in here!"

The commotion subsides, but I have lost the audience. Dr. Bone steps into the vacuum and fills it. When he speaks his voice has a coaxing, exhortatory quality I haven't noticed before. He addresses the sea islanders from the eye of a storm.

"My colleague has spoken," he begins, and immediately I am surrounded by scalp-happy braves who know the white father has broken his treaty.

"Tell me, do you want somebody to tell you how to worship?"

"No!" cry the aroused black dozen in antique chorus.

"These people with snakes see God their own way. Do you want to put them in jail for that?"

"No! No!"

"Tell me, have you ever felt the spirit moving in *you*?"

A huge woman in a blue dress lurches forward. "The spirit's come to me many times," she croons. "I used to go to a holiness church. And we be better Christians too. Didn't use no snakes, but we used to wash each other's feet sometimes."

The others nod. "That's right. It's so." The woman in blue adds that she is now a Methodist.

Dr. Bone throws me a significant look. "I want to leave you with one thought," he says slowly. "Judge not that ye be not judged."

I sit still in my chair as Babo shaves my beard, mortified before my ancestors.

But suddenly the man with the yellow eyes is on his feet again, shouting scripture. "I would not that ye be ignorant!" he declaims. "Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them also tempted . . . and were destroyed by *serpents*!"

"Yea, Lord. That's *right*!"

"Thou shalt have none other gods but *me*!" he cries in a frenzy, his leathery face perspiring.

"Yes-suh! All right!"

There is a stir in the room, like a wave gathering to break. The old man is parting the waters.

"Ahhh-*men*!" he says, and our meeting is over. I haven't passed, but I've escaped.

As we drift outside, a brittle old woman shakes my hand mechanically, over and over. "Glad you could come," she says in a childlike voice that seems to come from a broken Victrola. "Hope you can come again." She is the woman who was nearly hit by the stick.

The man with the yellow eyes follows me outside. He thinks Dr. Bone is my uncle and he wants to tell us his granddaughter is in college somewhere. He was a preacher, he adds confidentially, before all this happened. He gestures vaguely as he is called inside to eat. "Now we can eat lunch," he explains. I look at Dr. Bone's watch. It is nearly four o'clock.

We drive several miles to Angel Oak, a gigantic tree threatened with demolition for a housing project. Surrounded by empty fields, it twists outward from its trunk like a vortex of primal energy, like a dynamite explosion in slow motion. A couple of black teen-agers are fooling around, holding hands and laughing, as we arrive; but they leave when they see me. Dr. Bone and I resume our debate. I am no longer addressing the man at the end of the line; in a way I am talking to myself.

"You know, Dr. Bone, maybe we defend the picturesque at the cost of amelioration because it enables us to ignore our own reflection in the mirror."

Along the sinuous arm of the great oak somebody has written Larry Loves Cindy.

"I mean, granted the failure of orthodox religion, 'as dry as dust and as dead as a doornail,' granted the fellowship of persecution, why don't the countryclubbers of Greenville and Chattanooga handle snakes? If the faithful had better taste, would they lose their fervor? Or, deprived of their cultural insulation, would Episcopalians take up serpents?"

Dr. Bone looks at me with contempt. "You know what you are?" he says. "You're like a Roman denouncing the early Christians. You're a snob and a reactionary."

I don't answer, because he is partly right. I could tell him I weep for Agee's sharecroppers and Peckinpah's campesinos, but he has nailed me as a fugitive liberal from the camps of Orwell and Otis Ferguson. It's true, I guess. To me relativism too often masks cowardice and indifference. The culture of the poor

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is merely a caricature of the culture of the rich, and vice versa: they are not alternatives. In a democracy, one embraces the experience of the proletariat not to reaffirm the best, but to know the worst about ourselves.

We return to Columbia in our air-conditioned car, discussing whether people who lead such lives as ours have time for children. We talk about movies too, and I confess that when I first heard the title of Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer* I thought it was about a man for whom reality was verified only by its presence on the screen. After all that is how we use art in our lives, and Griffith himself announced his task was simply to make us see. But what of those for whom seeing constitutes no revelation, who walk with St. Paul by faith and not by sight? Were they worse off in Plato's cave, watching the flickering shadow-play on the walls?

Along the black path of highway between piedmont and marsh, we pass a white cross on the roadside on which only the word PREPARE is visible, and for a moment it seems our journey is not in space but in time, from the cultural origins of the sea islands to the cultural terminus of the K-Mart, Midway the journey of this life, I wonder at such departures and destinations.

Benjamin Dunlap

Benjamin Dunlap teaches literature and film at the University of South Carolina.

Books Considered

Melville
by Edwin Haviland Miller

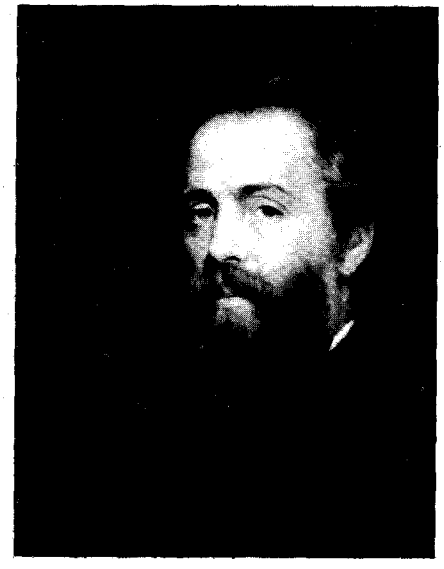
(George Braziller; $15)

Edwin Miller's study of Melville is categorized on the dust jacket as a biography. It is, however, not so much a biography as it is a collection of 24 chapters marshalled in a loose chronological order, although the first three are out of line. The bulk of the book centers in a psychoanalytical study of Melville's writings and his life. These chapters are unnumbered, an oddity that makes reference to them difficult. They have instead, chapter headings, most of these being picturesque phrases out of Melville. But that author does not get born until page 53, and then virtually disappears from sight while Miller spends three chapters analyzing the qualities and failings of Melville's family—his father, his mother and his brothers. Beginning at page 104 the reader is made to oscillate between chapters more or less in narrative form and chapters, large in number, mainly devoted to a psychoanalytical examination of Melville's writing. He dies rather abruptly in chapter 24, less than a page in length. Flexibility is no doubt a desirable attribute in a biography of the elusive Melville, but these alternations of foci blur any picture of the man, however much light they throw on his temperament and its difficulties. Miller is so exhilarated by the delights of his quest and by his examination of Melville's "hurt inner landscape" that he tends to minimize such information as Melville's use of other writers' materials, the conventions of the romantic period, other friendships than that with Hawthorne, the interest in public affairs in the last part of *Mardi* and elsewhere, his protest against brutality in the navy, his attempts to secure a government post, and so on.

The general thesis is that a buried homosexuality conditions most of his writing; *i.e.*, Melville is time and again drawn to the "icon" of a handsome youth of Apollonian beauty such as is possessed by the young protagonists of many of the novels. Hawthorne, it appears, also had this Apollonian quality, although he was 43 and Melville 31 when they first met, and Melville elsewhere says that Hawthorne had a "leviathanic aura." Melville, moreover, describes Jack Chase of *White-Jacket* as a "balding Apollo," a somewhat incongruous phrase. But as Freud long ago observed, there is room in the mind for opposite tendencies, for contradictions existing side by side.

Other themes are also followed through the books, notably sibling rivalry and the Oedipus complex—in spite of, or because of, Melville's hatred of his mother and his ambivalent attitudes toward his brothers. Perhaps Miller's interest in this sort of thing explains why he declares that the real purpose of *Mardi*, that incoherent romance the plot of which is thin, says Miller, and at times lost in verbiage—the real purpose is "the restoration or reconstitution of the basic human unit, the family." I am rather of the opinion that the common reader will not find this to be true of a book that reaches its climax in satirical observations on modern nations, including the United States.

The difficulty any reviewer of a book like this has is that if he protests there is more to biography than psychological analysis, however shrewd, the analyst retorts: "Yes, but the element I am dealing with in this man's career is the governing one." And if the reviewer urges that certain elements in, say, *Pierre* or *Moby Dick* are common to romantic fiction in general, the psychologist replies: "Yes, of course, but what I am getting at is *why* our author employed these conventions and not some other ones." Miller gives a good deal of shrewd and enlightening comment from his special point of view; the difficulty is



Herman Melville by Joseph Oriel Eaton
Courtesy of Harvard College Library

like that of the little girl who said of a book that it "tells me more about penguins than I want to know." Some things are pushed to absurdity; for example, a native named Kolory. Melville, with the desire of making Kolory's social function clear, says that he was "a sort of Knight Templar—a soldier priest." This leads Miller to write that the allusion "reminds us that Knights Templars engaged in blasphemous rites and sexual deviations." I doubt that it reminds readers of any such thing, just as I think that most readers do not know or do not remember that Ishmael (in *Moby Dick*) means "God hears." Again there is a charming scene in *Typee* in which Fayaway, standing in the bow of a small boat, spreads out her tapa robe to make a sail of it, Tommo being seated in the stern. In Miller's version this becomes: "she not only towers over Tommo," (who, four lines earlier, he says, was "lying quietly" in the boat)

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"but she literally provides a cradle for the incapacitated lad who may be impotent, asexual, or paralyzed by fear of castration." The difficulty is, however, that Melville explicitly says that Tommo was *seated* in the stern of the canoe, vigorously steering the boat with his paddle so that it will ground on a soft, sloping beach. He is emphatically not "paralyzed" by fears of any sort; he guides the boat to the shore, Fayaway jumps out, and it is to be presumed that he climbs out after her, though we are not told how he gets out of the canoe.

Equally absurd is a comment on the white jacket that gives its name to that novel. Miller emphasizes that the "short skirts" of this garment "exposed the male genitals." They "expose" nothing, and anyone who has been out hunting or fishing or sailing knows that any jacket he wears must not encumber his legs, genitals or not. I also doubt that the crew of the *Neversink*, the man-of-war on which the narrator had shipped, may justly be dismissed as "for the most part boy-men, fleeing adult commitments," just as I doubt that Melville's unequal style (or styles?) in *Moby Dick* can properly be described as "the elementary rhythms of the erotic and dying body, moods alternating from suicidal depressions to euphoric delights, the swings or gyrations of the manias which characterize man and his artificial civilization."

Miller is capable of excellent literary criticism. His discussion of Melville's poetry, notably of "Clarel," is one of the best I have read. His analysis of what to Hawthorne was obviously Melville's embarrassing adulation is also excellent. Moreover it is presumably a justifiable device to place foremost in the volume the chapters dealing with the Hawthorne-Melville relationship, for these condition the reader to accept with some willingness the psychological analyses that follow. There are some absurdities in the presentation of the Melville clan: possibly from the point of view of a small boy, the death of Melville's father when Herman was 12 years old, may seem like abandonment, but as Herman Melville did not deliberately decide to die to spite his son, this is mere conjecture; yet on the whole one gets a credible picture of the Melville family and, as far as that goes, of Herman as a domestic "tyrant" in his own home. It is true, however, that Miller does not tell us what another biographer discovers; namely, that Herman "took a great and natural pride in the stock from which he sprang."

Miller's "biography" is not, it seems to me, for the common reader but for Melville specialists, who will read it with caution. The general reader, if he knows little or nothing about the life of the author of *Moby Dick*, had better begin with such a book as Leon Howard's excellent biography and then go on to Charles R. Anderson's *Melville in the South Seas*, which illuminates Melville's literary practice and literary ethics.

When I say it must be used with caution I have in mind such a queer contradiction in discourse as I find in Miller's discussion of *Billy Budd*. On the one hand he admirably notes that nowhere in Melville's work does a character "grow in awareness through interaction with another wise character." On the other hand, once Billy is hanged, the penultimate sentence of the chapter devoted to this book reads: "Billy, like Bartleby, snuggles into the womb," a comment which follows a stanza quoted from a popular ballad entitled "Billy is in the Darbies." I had no notion that *Billy Budd* is about the so-called birth trauma; with other readers I had assumed that like a Sophoclean tragedy *Billy Budd* is a problem of justice. In fact I am moved to remark that if there be any general theme in the writings of Melville it is that implicit in Father Mapples' sermon in *Moby Dick*, which the unfortunate Ahab never hears. The central theme of Melville's serious writing is, I think, the enigmatic relation between the justice of man and the justice of God.

Howard Mumford Jones

Howard Mumford Jones' most recent book is an anthology co-authored with Bessie Jones, *The Many Voices of Boston* (Atlantic Monthly Press.)

Century's Ebb: The Thirteenth Chronicle by John Dos Passos

(Gambit; $9.95)

Three months before John Dos Passos died in September 1970, he wrote his friend, the artist Harold Weston, that he was "putting the finishing touches on a last forlorn Chronicle of Despair." The book he referred to is *Century's Ebb: The Thirteenth Chronicle*, which brings to an end the long series of fictional chronicles he began in 1921 with the publication of *Three Soldiers*. Dos Passos' despair resulted from his ill health, but more, from his sorrow about what he asserted to Weston was "the rank criminal idiocy of the younger generation in this country." That "criminal idiocy" was the widespread protest against the invasion of Cambodia ordered by Richard Nixon. By the time Dos Passos wrote *Century's Ebb*, he was a fervent anti-Communist, an ardent supporter of Goldwater republicanism. He had long since come to believe that the United States—his "chosen country" he called it in the nostalgic novel of that title—had lost its way, had abandoned the Jeffersonian ideals dear to him, and had become a gigantic bureaucracy controlled by the often corrupt forces of government and labor.

The devices he used in *Century's Ebb* to reflect his sense of American life are

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similar to those he used most effectively in the trilogy *U.S.A.* In *Century's Ebb* he included pieces entitled "1937," "1939," and "1948," which serve like the "Newsreel" sections in *U.S.A.* as background to the rest of the book, and reveal his belief that Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal was growing into a ponderous bureaucracy while World War II loomed ever larger. As he had before, Dos Passos turned to one of his American heroes, Walt Whitman, to express his fears about the United States as it became a super-nation. Four of the five parts into which *Century's Ebb* is divided

John Dos Passos as an Ambulance Driver, 1917-1918.

include lyric pieces by or about Whitman. But the Whitman Dos Passos called on is not the poet of "Song of Myself" who celebrated an exuberant, pre-Civil War America. His Whitman is that of *Democratic Vistas*, the pained nationalist who feared that the "fervid and tremendous *Idea*" which was our storybook democracy had become mired in "solid things . . . science, ships, politics, cities, factories," during the years of "unprecedented material advancement."

To his own question, "Are we indeed men worthy of the name, Walt Whitman, in these 'years of the modern, years of the unperformed'?" Dos Passos' answer was both "yes" and "no." No, because he believed that America failed to meet the international challenge of communism and the domestic challenges of materialism and violence. To show this he used biographical sketches of prominent figures such as George Orwell, John Dewey, Sen. Joseph McCarthy, Wendell Wilkie, John Foster Dulles, Robert Goddard, Henry Wallace, George Eastman, Lee Harvey Oswald, Malcolm X and Dr. James Watson; and several longer narratives about thinly disguised characters like Danny De-Long, modeled after Eddie Gilbert, a financial sharpie who embezzled money during the 1960s and took refuge in Brazil, where Dos Passos met him. Another narrative is about Jay Pignatelli, a lawyer whose career closely parallels Dos Passos' own. Pignatelli's narrative conveys Dos Passos' disillusionment with the left wing, particularly during the Spanish Civil War, when he felt the Communists betrayed him because of their secret involvement in the death of his close friend, José Robles.

But if there was much to cause Dos Passos to answer "no" to his own question, he could also respond, "Yes, something about us is indeed worthy of the name." For him the Apollo 8 flight in December 1968, was the moment "man proved his mastery of matter," the moment "he wiped out the unhappy prospects of Hiroshima." The Apollo 11 flight was the climax. Its launching was dramatic; for him it symbolized men's ability to harness their material instincts, to control something of the forces in nature, to perform for once as he believed Whitman would have Americans perform.

Dos Passos told his friend Weston that he was putting the finishing touches on his chronicle, but he did not complete his task. The narrative about Jay Pignatelli stops abruptly, well before the end of the period (1937-1969) Dos Passos was writing about. The brief piece entitled "1948" is nothing more than a short list of events, while several of the biographical sketches, one of his most effective devices in others of his chronicles, are little more than an accounting of facts. Had Dos Passos lived, he might have been able to make the tenor of the various parts more balanced, the play of themes more subtle in some places, more apparent in others.

Not that his intentions are obscure. We cannot mistake his belief about the direction—the ebb—of this century's tide. His fears are clearest when his hatred of communism is apparent, when he provocatively portrays Joseph McCarthy as nothing more than a country boy bewildered by the intrigues of a liberal bureaucracy; when he sympathizes so entirely with John Foster Dulles' brinksmanship that he ignores the complexities of international diplomacy; or when, detailing the career of the assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, he describes Gen. Edwin A. Walker as "a plainspoken man who had resigned from the Army to defend the American cause." This description has some truth, but ignores the fact that the general was a wild-eyed radical of the far right, as much within the lunatic fringe as some of the radicals on the left whom Dos Passos had come to despise.

Century's Ebb may be unfinished, or at least unpolished, but it deserves to be published. It contains some good Dos Passos writing: the first, moving lyric about Walt Whitman, several impressionistic passages like one entitled "Turnpike" and another about George Eastman and his Kodak camera, and parts of the long narratives. But, finally, whether *Century's Ebb* is complete and whether it stands with Dos Passos' best fiction are not the main points to be made about the book. It is the last work of one of the major American writers to emerge during the 1920s. Most important, it brings down the curtain on Dos Passos' remarkable effort throughout his literary career to convey the panorama of 20th-century society. His later novels are partly right wing polemics, but anyone wanting to dismiss Dos Passos should remember that he was not a crank, a Westbrook Pegler, but an intelligent, thoughtful man of letters who agonized about his politics. Dos Passos was not alone when

John Dos Passos in the 1960s.

he shifted from left to right, and *Century's Ebb* represents the stance of a substantial, often powerful minority of Americans. Furthermore his sorrow about his chosen country is akin to that of literally millions of his countrymen who have despaired about this storybook democracy. A sense of hopelessness is abroad in the land; many Americans fear they can do little or nothing to stem technological growth; and the government, which they once believed *was* them, now seems impersonal and unresponsive. Meanwhile the industrial machine surges ahead, having

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wreaked havoc on Vietnam, and continues to expend sources of energy throughout the world, in the process fouling the environment.

In the context of our contemporary dilemmas, *Century's Ebb* appears as more than a right wing diatribe. It is a poignant statement by an American who devoted his career to observing his country, hoping to awaken other Americans with his words. And if, like his earlier chronicles, it often paints a dark, even savage picture, it also reflects Dos Passos' pleasure and amusement in his fellow men, who may scurry about foolishly and self-importantly, but who have as well their moments of tragedy, of compassion and of greatness. His 13th chronicle rounds out his vision of our life and marks the end of his lover's quarrel with the world.

Townsend Ludington

Townsend Ludington is professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Steinbeck: A Life in Letters ed. by Elaine Steinbeck and Robert Wallston

(Viking; $15)

John Steinbeck, American, gone now for nearly a decade, has given us one last book: his correspondence, assembled and annotated by his widow and a friend. Tracks in time, written in hundreds of places in a thousand circumstances across 40 busy years, Steinbeck's letters constitute, in effect, a massive, groping autobiography, the more honest and significant because what was written was never intended as formal statement, never fashioned, that is, to the formulas of modern autobiography, which are as exacting and self-conscious as those of any contemporary art form.

The editing is superb, but in terms of substance this is a sprawling, unconcocted and frequently painful transcript: engaging on the level of human statement because, despite an early reclusiveness and a shyness that lasted a lifetime, Steinbeck lived with enormous intensity and range of effort; interesting from the point of view of literature because

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Steinbeck was an important writer, despite the compulsive efforts of certain critics to trivialize his achievement (they did the same thing to John O'Hara and to Somerset Maugham, for in their heart of hearts they hate storytellers); but compelling, above all else, as an American statement because Steinbeck, despite his artist's gifts, was an archetypal American male of the 20th-century achieving sort, and his struggles—with home, with health, with booze, with women, with money, work and, most intensively, with the bigtime and with the bitch goddess success—have to them, as they are presented here, a good bit of what Edmund Wilson aptly phrased the shock of recognition.

Steinbeck was an American everyman, distinguished by a hunger in his gut for literature, and an ability to write; but in just about everything else he was a big, dumb, loving, stupid American male, white, middle-class and essentially middlebrow, spending most of his life at cross-purposes: just the sort that some are now trying to put on the shelf once and for all.

If you do not like middle America, then, of course, you do not like Steinbeck; for he represents its spirit in our recent literature in much the same way that O'Hara expressed the aspirations of the suburban upper-middle class, James T. Farrell expressed the urban working class and John P. Marquand celebrated the urban and suburban elites of the Northeast. The Steinbeck saga-life, work, and in this case letters—is a saga of ordinary aspiration, transformed, but never totally redeemed, by talent.

Steinbeck's letters, like his life and works, hover frequently on the edge of the prosaic. They are neither witty, gossipy nor profound. They do not chronicle the social surface of an age; nor do they expeditiously get to the point. Like some of his novels, they talk too much. What they do, however, is serve up a continuum of self-reflection that is unburdened by either too much idea or too much psychological connoisseurship—and hence thoroughly convincing. Steinbeck is intelligent, but not formally intellectual; we are thus spared the acrobatics of modern literary discourse. He is self-conscious to a degree, but is nearly without irony; so we are treated to slabs of epistolary experience in that state of incipient awareness wherein the most useful and revealing things are spoken.

What are we told? First of all, that Steinbeck had a gift for making and keeping a few good friends. The bulk of these letters—and there are 860 pages of them!—are addressed to a small circle of correspondents: his agent Elizabeth Otis; his editor Pascal Covici; his roommate from Stanford, Carlton A. Sheffield; Bo Beskow, a Swedish portrait painter; the director Elia Kazan, with whom Steinbeck made the film *Viva Zapata!* and, of course, his three wives. There are others (especially after he became famous)—Richard Rodgers, Clifford Odets, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, John O'Hara, Adlai Stevenson, John Huston, Martin Luther King, Henry Fonda, Princess Grace of Monaco, J.F.K. and Jackie, Lyndon Johnson, John Kenneth Galbraith—but in the main Steinbeck poured his heart out to a small circle of friends. He wrote over 600 letters to his agent Elizabeth Otis alone. Haunted for a lifetime by the possibilities of an Arthuriad, Steinbeck found some companions for his Round Table, and these continuities of friendships are among the most moving aspects of this collection.

Other matters are more ambiguous. Steinbeck, Robinson Jeffers and William Saroyan were the three most important writers to come out of California in the years between the wars, and of these Steinbeck was the most deliberately Californian. Yet the letters reveal a profound ambivalence toward his native state, Salinas Valley in particular: site, substance and theme of his best fiction. Quite frankly, the people he wrote about did not like him. He never felt at home in Salinas or Monterey, although he crawled back there at various times of crisis. Rejected, he played prophet-not-without-honor; but it still hurt. As was the case with so many Californians of talent, California lost him to New York, where he wanted to belong, but never could (there was something persistently rural in his makeup) although, like thousands every day, he had the distinction of dying there.

He wanted the theater because he wanted New York and the East, although he worked best in short stories and long narratives; and with the exception of *Of Mice and Men* he payed for his ambition with failure. Theater is an intrinsically urban form. Like cities it thrives on idea and compacted space. Steinbeck needed room to range, and ideas were never what was most important about his work.

But the story of the small-town boy in the big city is magnificently here in these letters, the pride and struggle of it all: rural memory and cherished Biblical

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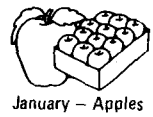
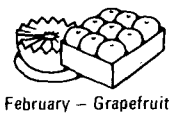

January – Apples

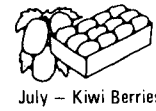

February – Grapefruit

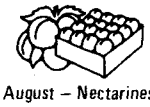
March – Royal Oranges

April – Hawaiian Pineapples

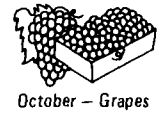
May – Preserves

June – Home-Canned Fruit


July – Kiwi Berries


August – Nectarines

September – Peaches


October – Grapes

Nov. – Spanish Melons

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cadences haunting one amidst the cocktails and the hors d'oeuvres.

Speaking of cocktails: there is a lot of booze in these letters, for like so many of his age, race and class, like an entire generation of writers in fact, Steinbeck drank more than was good for him. Yet this, like so much else that was so ordinary about him, adds to the representative quality of his collected letters; for the battle of the bottle looms large in the American Arthuriad. A society which frightens its males with a perpetual tension between expectation and performance—in business and the professions, as well as in literature—which thrusts them into jarring, unmeshed sequences of idleness and overwork, is bound to be liquor-dependent. Better than did Fitzgerald or Faulkner, Steinbeck survived the ordeal, but there was a lot of scar tissue, much of it in these letters.

And sex! Steinbeck's letters suggest hints and fragments of a sexual odyssey of representative value; for the American male is often quite confused in matters erotic. Steinbeck had three marriages. The last, to Elaine Scott Steinbeck, brought him a great measure of peace and happiness. His third marriage, indeed, released something lyrical in Steinbeck regarding the American woman: an attitude in obvious contrast to his feelings at the time of the breakup of his second marriage. "And I think," Steinbeck then wrote, "I could love a European woman or a negress or a Chinese but the breed of American woman—part man, part politician—They have the minds of whores and the vaginas of Presbyterians. They are trained by their mothers in a contempt for men and so they compete with men and when they don't win, they whimper and go to psychoanalysts. The American girl makes a servant of her husband and then finds him contemptible for being a servant. American married life is the doormat to the whore house. Eventually they will succeed in creating a race of homosexuals. And they will not be content with that. I am just beginning to see our mores objectively and I do not like what I see and I do not want my boys brought up by them. The impulse of the American woman to geld her husband and castrate her sons is very strong."

Steinbeck knew the American dark night of the flesh, knew it in haggling negotiations with attorneys, knew it when he found himself making the observation to Bo Beskow that since the breakup of his second marriage he had slept with more than 50 women.

He made much of his own animal nature, defining himself in one letter "as an organism . . . so simple that I want to be comfortable and comfort consists in—a place to sleep, dry and fairly soft, lack of hunger, almost any kind of food, occasional loss of semen in intercourse when it becomes troublesome, and a good deal of work. These constitute my ends."

From this period of a good deal of work came *The Grapes of Wrath*, his finest hour as a novelist. His life throughout the 1930s had been ordinary, simple and alive with internal possibilities which found their way to paper. Fame came to him, and then the war, and, after that, his life moved toward a remarkable elaboration. The semi-recluse formed friendships with the great. The man who once lived on $300 a year now achieved the status of being behind in his income tax.

Steinbeck's war letters—as well as his war correspondence—express an understood, but little-commented-upon fact about middle America: that a lot of men had a hell of a good time in World War II. They got away from wives and jobs. They put on uniforms. They drank together in Officers' Clubs. Steinbeck's war is the war of the correspondent, the same war enjoyed by Ernest Hemingway, who found similar releases.

Steinbeck's optimism in the post-war period was also symptomatic. He planned and completed a great big novel, *East of Eden*, and he became an important celebrity. There is an almost total lack of public business in the pre-war letters, and a preoccupation with it in the post-war period. Where once we find Steinbeck in almost monastic circumstances—at Pacific Grove, Monterey, and Los Gatos—we find him now at dinner with Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce in Rome, at Camp David with Lyndon Johnson, in Connecticut with Rodgers and Hammerstein, at Douglas Fairbanks' in London, where at dinner he sat next to the Duchess of Buccleuch. He who once asserted the human phalanx, group-man, now writes John O'Hara that only individual effort and individual brain-power could get anything worthwhile done. The group accounted for little save mediocrity.

A certain fatigue sets in, a sense of ashes and dust. He reaches back behind his success, indeed, back behind his time of struggle, and returns to his boyhood love of the Arthuriad. He plans a rerendering of Sir Thomas Malory. It preoccupies him throughout the late 1950s, sending him to the Morgan

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Library to search out medieval manuscripts and to a year's stay in an ancient cottage in Arthurian country, which his friend, the playwright Robert Bolt, found him. Rosebud, we might say, rosebud.

His *Morte D'Arthur* remained a haunting unaccomplishment, although the pleasure he derived from puttering on it was enormous. It was a return to boyhood lightness and hope on the part of someone whom success had made heavy and dispirited. It was a recapturing of romance and fine feeling on the part of the guy who in a few months time had once laid 50 women.

Ironically, when the Nobel Prize came, the media which had made him famous and sold so many of his books took a begrudging, ever disparaging stance. *Time*, that maker and breaker of kings other than Arthur, was outrightly critical.

Such fine American patterns, running true to form: the return to simpler things in the last phases, when upward mobility has lost its charm. The move to Sag Harbor, in 1953, signals a sort of completion; for it was Monterey East, having to it the feel of the California town, without the remoteness—or the pain.

He was no bigger fool about Vietnam than many of us, albeit the cozy breakfast chats with Lyndon distorted his perspective. Besides he had two sons there. But then again he wanted them to go; and he went himself, in his mid-'60s again the correspondent, out on patrol against the VC. He was a hawk, but he had his doubts long before other friends of Lyndon's.

Most lives, Steinbeck wrote Pascal Covici in 1948, dribble away like piss in the dust. His own life did not exactly dribble away, but, reading the letters of the last decade, one feels in the presence of a man struggling for rebirth amidst the inevitable facts of physical decay. A series of small strokes, spinal surgery with its concomitant pain, periods of physical exhaustion, and a succession of heart attacks: these are the remorseless facts of the last sad years. Inwardly, however, raged a renewed hunger for literature, quickened, perhaps, by recognition that the end was coming. He meditated one last grand prose epic.

Reluctant—or unable—to take refuge in fancy ideas, Steinbeck lived well in this final nightmare. Toward the end, his letters take on a radiant, spiritual quality, suggestive of a man who, if not exactly finding peace, at least was getting used to the terms of the struggle.

He was neither graceful like Fitzgerald, nor enigmatic like Faulkner. He was ordinary; and, in the main, he worked hard at what he felt he was called to do. What kind of life did he have? An American life, and as such it is slightly boring because it is emeshed in the prosaic and characterized by democratic feeling: the conviction, indeed the hope, that out of the ordinary might be fashioned structures and parables of enduring worth.

"I tried to write this book," he wrote Pascal Covici regarding *The Grapes of Wrath*, "the way lives are being lived, not the way books are being written." Here, then, is the life behind the books. Here, as he describes himself, is a Lancelot who was never to glimpse the Grail.

I like to remember him at what was no doubt (if one were to judge from these letters) one of the happiest moments of his life. It was on a Monday in July of 1949, and Steinbeck was sitting in the bar at the DelMonte Lodge in Monterey, waiting for Elaine Scott to arrive from Los Angeles. He was shaved and showered and dressed to kill, and he was working on his second Gibson. In his rising excitement at Elaine's arrival, Steinbeck jotted down some notes chronicling his emotions as he waited.

I can see the bartender mixing Steinbeck his second drink. I can see the way the lights play across the bottles in view. I can feel the dim coolness of the Lounge. I can feel the rising tide of erotic hope. I can appreciate the writer at his craft, making sure that even this most intimate moment got down on paper. I wish I had been sitting in a quiet corner to the left, so that I could have seen the look of pleasure on Steinbeck's face as Elaine rushed in.

Kevin Starr

Kevin Starr is city librarian of San Francisco.

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A Child is Being Beaten by Naomi Feigelson Chase

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $8.95)

With the exception of occasional diaries and religious and family records, we know little about the history of child development and, importantly, about parents' attitudes toward their children. Two contemporary sources of the history of children, Phillipe Aries' *Centuries of Childhood* and Lloyd de Mausse's *The History of Childhood* reveal rather somber messages. Even as recently as the 18th century, children were seen, at best, as little adults. Treatment of them was harsh, replete with neglect, exploitation, beatings. Infanticide was frequent and justified by economic, political and religious causes. The practice was supported by the likes of Aristotle and a host of renowned writers through the centuries. In the 15th and 16th centuries we begin to collect reports of the psychological responses to infants and small children. Babies were viewed as coming from the devil, the most contemptible residues of a society, a psyche, an entire culture. Little boys, if strong, might be spared, for their role as soldiers someday may prove useful. But infant girls had only meager value. The act of child bearing was deemed ugly and grotesque; the rich found it more convenient and psychologically healthful to have their children raised by wet nurses and nannies, working class and poor women on whose shoulders fell the entire dynamic of socialization.

The growing integration of women in

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society, particularly in Austria, France and England, accompanied more humanistic trends in religion and education. The practice of infanticide was reproached. The dignity of children and child bearing was upheld, the colossal portraits of the time tell us this much. And protection of poor children, beaten children became a cause for aristocratic ladies.

The immigration of peoples to America in the 17th, 18th and 19th century brought new attitudes toward children, some of them hopeful and idealistic, romantic even. But the immigrant baggage contained as well aged old responses to poverty and political oppression.

The 19th century saw a perpetration of economic competition and an apotheosis of individualism. The children of the rich, especially boys, were sent to finishing schools to prepare them for the social and economic grind that life had become under a burgeoning capitalism. Poor children labored in sweat shops under conditions unfit for human beings. And as the 20th century opened in a hard driving, primed America, the beast of poverty expanded. The lack of jobs, the untenantable homes, the shortage of food, the dullness of living, the lack of space and the broken dreams that also came with the people from the old countries, prepared for more modern attitudes toward children. The sophistication about children's development, needs and attitudes would grow enormously in the first half of the century, and the social and political mechanisms established for treating truant children, children without families, would abound. But the violence done to children would increase, and every year millions of children would be beaten, some to death, some to the point where they might pray for death.

Naomi Feigelson Chase's *A Child is Being Beaten* is more than a monumental study of child abuse. It emerges as a significant historical document, a testimony to the effects of a capitalistic system on family life and human growth. It emerges too as an indictment of this country for the way it has failed absolutely in its treatment of children, and especially poor and minority children. Chase is never misled by the rhetoric of so-called humanistic movements like those launched by Jane Addams and Louise Bowen, the grand rehabilitators, or the starry-eyed liberals, even the liberationists who would have women believe that mothering is a dirty, second rate occupation. Her facts

Crispina found a friend

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Crispina Aguilar's case is typical.

Her father works long hours as a sharecropper despite a chronic pulmonary condition that saps his strength. Her mother takes in washing whenever she can. Until recently, the total income of this family of six was about $13.00 a month. Small wonder that they were forced to subsist on a diet of unpolished rice, swamp cabbage, and tiny fish the children seine from a nearby river.

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are precise and devastating. The number of children physically abused by their parents is staggering, as is the number of social work case loads and court cases in what she sees as a perfectly unworkable juvenile court system. No one in this remarkable and impressive volume can duck away from her informed charges.

In one chapter Chase traces the childhoods of Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby, Charles Manson and other less well-known misfits. The pattern she discovers is always the same: childhoods of poverty, parental unemployment, fatherlessness, rotten schools, not a single day of calm, of feeling loved, not a single facility or institution or contact that might bring encouragement and a desire for an orderly, worthwhile existence. In another chapter she treats swiftly and succinctly the failure of the psychological and psychiatric approach to the problem of child abuse. Of course it is an unhappy parent who crushes his or her child's skull, serves it scalding water in a bottle, jams its head in a gas oven, ties a rock to its leg and shoves it into a river. Of course such a parent "needs treatment." But the treatment being served up now in the courts and in truly unbelievable reformatories, mental hospitals, detention centers, training schools, non-training schools even, is hardly what a humane culture would call health giving.

In fact, says Chase, the entire culture is geared to demonstrate the bestiality of poor families so that it may continue to degrade and neglect them, or buy them off with unconscionable welfare programs, and feel no shame. Child protector professions may flourish, as some of them have in the last decade. But if the hidden child protection agenda is to safeguard civil servant jobs, special union privileges, and more generally, the affluent life styles of the upper classes, then no one should be surprised that frustrated, hopeless and wholly misunderstood human beings abuse their children.

It is easy to claim that child abusers are drug addicts, alcoholics, adults who were themselves beaten as children. All of this may be true. Yet the real causes of child beating are poverty, unemployment, lack of housing, lack of health care, families ripped apart—does one really have to go on. The beast of capitalism supplies luxuries to some parents, weapons of destruction to others. We fixate on violence and the excruciating stories of what a mother or father does to a child. We institute colossal foster care programs, arguing repeatedly for the necessity of taking beaten children away from their incorrigible, uncivilized parents. The infamous Felumero case in New York City in the late 1960s is part of this litany. Any foster home, we allege, would be better than allowing tragically beaten children to remain with their murderous parents. And now, we even have psychoanalytic "evidence" that the attachment children make to foster parents is greater than their attachment to their biological parents.

Naomi Feigelson Chase, along with many others, is incensed by this reasoning. She is incensed by the lack of day care facilities, the lack of adequate schooling, the paucity of jobs, the everything else that goes with poverty and inevitably with child abuse. She recognizes that whereas historically we know little of the childhoods of the poor, our modern accounts avoid the misdemeanors of the rich. She asks, finally, for a social revolution to counter the violence against children. It is the least one can ask. But might such a revolution, like the feeble rehabilitation and legislative efforts that have preoccupied us, also fail? Has she not herself provided evidence for demanding nothing less than wholesale political and economic reform?

We have come quite a way in our attitudes toward children since the period described in the journals of Heroard, the doctor of Louis XIII. We have even attempted to launch a myth that young people are our most treasured resource. In truth, what is treasured is the commodity, youth, not young people, and especially not young poor and minority people. *A Child is Being Beaten* reminds us that we all know well the impulse to kill a child, and that the line between killing and controlling this urge is not merely psychologically drawn. But those of us who have never laid a hand on a child, never visited a training school or juvenile court, or even known a foster parent, are part of the fabric, our society, of which child abuse is another part. At one end the fabric is almost new, rich with color and texture. It lightens the heart. At the other end, the fabric unravels; spoiled by time and neglect, and by the constant wear of people walking upon it.

Thomas J. Cottle

Thomas J. Cottle is with The Children's Defense Fund of the Washington Research Project. His forthcoming book is *The Truant Society: Children Excluded from School* (The New Republic Book Co.).

Coming
Two Christmas Book Issues

The issues of November 29 and December 6 will carry essays on some of the past year's more interesting books:

Marshall Berman	on	Social Thought
Harold Bloom	on	Poetry
Richard Ellmann	on	Biography
B.H. Haggin	on	Music Criticism
Alfred Kazin	on	Fiction
Ezra Jack Keats	on	Children's Books
Frank Manuel	on	History
J. Hillis Miller	on	Literary Criticism
Nelson Polsby	on	Political Science
Maggie Scarf	on	Behavioral Science

Time Toward Home: The American Experiment as Revelation by Richard John Neuhaus

(Seabury Press; $9.50)

The title of the book comes from a sentence the author wrote in reply (as he believes) to St. Augustine: "Time is not the enemy but the way toward the home for which all creation yearns." The image does remind one, a little uncomfortably, of George McGovern's cry in 1972: "Come home, America." Yet "home" for Neuhaus, is in the future. Not in heaven. Here on earth. His is a most remarkable faith: he holds to a kingdom come on earth.

There is much about the Neuhaus

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project that I applaud. First it is good to see serious theology being written; secondly serious theology about *America*. (Most of our Serious Theologians have hailed from Europe and written thereof.) Thirdly there are some good points made in this book about the relationship of "covenant ethics" (Neuhaus) to "contract ethics" (Rawls, etc.); about "the public Piety" and "civil religion;" about the yawning gap between substantive wisdom and procedural evasions in our approach to law; and about the distance between the non-denominational, secular blandness of public policy and the particularist religious sentiments of many Americans. This book takes good aim at a serious weakness in our social fiber. It is so right-headed about its aim that I regret its many failures of execution.

Neuhaus tells a parable about two ball-fields side-by-side, one for the major leagues and one a sandlot field. The people who attend the sandlot games become thoroughly involved in the world bound by their own fences. From time to time, a player from the big leagues makes an appearance and excites the crowd. The one ball-field is called "Reason," "the world," "the mainstream." The sandlot league is called "Faith," "Religion," "Church."

There is an embarrassingly obvious hankering on the part of Neuhaus to jump up to the big leagues. He plays the innuendos just right: is exactly snotty to *Commentary* and *The Public Interest*, harsh about the extravagances of the New Left but carefully (and soberly) jealous of his leftist credentials. Neuhaus calculates his slippery use of words and concepts for political effect; *e.g.*, his discussion of why he prefers the concept "public piety" to "civil religion." Envy of a most tangible kind affects his remarks about theologians better known than himself; a bit of arrogance slips often from his pen, as he puts down fashionable targets (Daniel Moynihan, Gerald Ford, Henry Kissinger) or brushes aside *The New York Review of Books* and *Partisan Review* in a mixture of breeziness and lust that explains itself.

Too many of the 20 chapters consist of a long series of quotation and commentary. It is a book whose real world is mostly other books. The tone is often sermonic. The theological reflection does not always go deeper than its quotes; long stretches are tedious. The basic orientation of the book derives from the work of German Lutheran theologian Wolfhart Pannenberg. Throughout the book, Neuhaus decries "the sandbox of subjectivity." Yet his is a most subjective horizon, not argued for, not defended, simply set before us. How did he come to hold his views about the future? Why Pannenberg rather than, say, Tillich? His account of alternative ethical theories is amateurish.

Let me, in a short review, cut my negative reflections here and state some of the achievements of the book. For one thing, social commentators have too little noted the remarkable contributions made by German Lutherans to American theology in the last 30 years; Neuhaus joins Martin Marty, Jaroslav Pelikan, Robert Wilken and several others; even Reinhold Niebuhr drew special strength from his German side. To the WASP we must add the WGP. (Unless Saxony is the cultural bridge between the two.)

The German Lutheran tradition is serious, solid, scholarly. Located mostly in the midlands of America, it also retains a gusto and deep faith about this land which in Calvinist and Episcopal prep school scions of the East have seemed to weaken. In addition the German Lutheran tradition retains deep emotional and cultural ties with Catholic culture; history is a forte of the German Lutherans. They tend to chide their American Calvinist brothers for blowing with the fashionable winds, for lacking long perspective. On abortion, on the flaccid civil religion of the public schools, and other questions, Neuhaus is closer to Catholic than to liberal Protestant views.

Next I rather like the way Neuhaus handles the covenant motif. "One nation under God" means, in his eyes, that the US stands among the nations of the world under judgment, drawn forward to the achievement of ever greater justice, liberty, truth and community ("Thy Kingdom Come"). Covenant means that the present is provisional. Neuhaus opposes this to contract theories which tend to look for a "state of nature" or "original position" somewhere in the mythic past. The covenant, Neuhaus says, is needed to put the contract in context, to draw the people bravely forward; the contract is needed to give the covenant present shape, order and achievement.

America is going some place. But where? What draws us along? Neuhaus diagnoses the breakdown between our cultural elites, who in public are only vacuously religious, and a majority of our peoples, who find public life more and more divorced from their private and often intense religious sentiments. From a nation of public piety, we have become a nation of private piety—the move from one to the other becomes ever more difficult. These are sound observations.

Neuhaus is correct in arguing that many of those who describe America's "civil religion" (Robert Bellah, Sidney Mead and others) are using "religion" in a sense not quite co-terminous with the Methodist church, Catholicism, Judaism, etc. But, of course, that wider sense is anthropologically sound. Even the five "tests" Neuhaus uses to show why some other phrase than "civil religion" is more suited to the phenomenon, whose existence he does not doubt, may be used point by point against him; he is characteristically cavalier with positions not his own. He misses, *e.g.*, the power of the civil religion in driving Nixon from office; the *office* carries the sacred seal, not the person, and the public outrage confirmed the sanctity of the office. Still Neuhaus is right to stress that the civil religions of America (he dimly suggests that there are several, but does not follow through) are not the Christian churches or the Jewish synagogues. Civil religions left to themselves would be as dangerous as he says; without institutional churches in addition to the civil religions, the omnipotent state would have fewer institutional checks.

There are glimmerings in this book that Neuhaus knows more about the richness of the American people, culture and experience than he shows. From his parish in Brooklyn he knows persons of many different cultures (the parish is mainly black), has helped them bring children into God's grace and helped them die. From his relatives in Texas, and from his travels, he knows the difference between Ivy League America, New York America, midwestern college America, dustbowl America. I do not know why, given his good mind, he reverences books so much more than the life around him. His originality of

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mind will not, I think, blossom until he begins to trust, not the future, but his past and present, where already more has been revealed than he has paused to marvel at. He was one of the earliest leaders in preventing the churches from preaching Vietnam as a religious war; he wrote speeches for Martin Luther King.

The theology of the future, which Neuhaus here presents, was born in post-war Germany, and one can understand why it would have a special power in that cultural stream today. But its roots lie deep in the Northern European past, as Camus noted in contrasting the Germanic with the Mediterranean spirit. Neuhaus' argument would be helped if he grasped better the elements of truth in what he too superficially rejects, under misleading names like the Edenic myth and the Myth of Eternal Return. Those of us who are Slavic live between the German lunge into the future and the Mediterranean pessimism of the clear white sun. *Plus ça change, plus la même chose.* One may hope for America not that America arrive "home;" no one in history does that; rather that Americans count up and linger over and preserve the goods of the past and the present, before destroying them or casting them off in the name of a future that never gets simply better.

Michael Novak

Michael Novak's most recent book, *Of Men and Sports*, will be published next spring (Basic Books).

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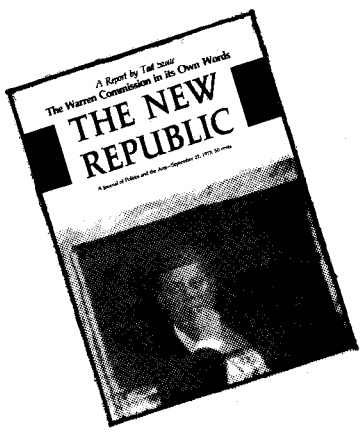

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Scattered Scots

To the editors:

I can't very well dispute Professor Rose's contention ("Oil Based Scottish Nationalism"*TNR*, Sept. 20) in his report on Scottish nationalism that Scotland's union with England in 1707 "worked well" for the Scots *who stayed in Scotland*, but something else must account for the facts of extensive Scottish emigration beginning very soon after the Act of Union, to almost every conceivable spot on the globe including, literally, the North Pole, such that today the Scots—*named* (not always and necessarily identical with genuine Scots ancestry, I realize) in the United States, Canada and Australia must vastly outnumber the Scots in Scotland. Moreover Scottish names are borne by huge numbers of Hawaiian and polynesian "natives" (Robert Louis Stevenson the "tip of the iceberg"?), large numbers of Latin-Americans, and even by occasional southern European ballad-singers. What could account for such a global wanderlust, which I would imagine was more extensive even than the Portuguese? No one I know with a Scottish surname has a clue to the causes of this diaspora, or any idea where to look for an explanation. Though we overseas Scots must be a motley lot, all half-breeds and such (I am half-Sicilian!), I suspect we all would like to learn more about our "nation," perhaps the most scattered on earth after the Jews, and surely the most under-reported of all! Perhaps Professor Rose knows the tale, and could be persuaded to tell it.

Douglas J. Stewart
Waltham, Massachusetts

The Awful Truth

To the editors:

I was delighted to read the fine report by Mr. Tad Szulc dealing with the Warren Commission (*TNR*, Sept. 27). Those of us who have been actively involved as private citizens in this matter have been extremely dismayed by the relative indifference manifested by the liberal press in this country to the obvious inconsistencies and defects in the Warren Commission Report.

In August, 1972, I had the opportunity to examine the autopsy materials at the National Archives in Washington, DC, at which time I was able to corroborate the views that I had been stating as a forensic pathologist for several years prior to that time, namely, that the medical and scientific evidence clearly demonstrated that more than one individual was physically involved in the shooting of President Kennedy and Governor Connally on November 22, 1963.

Intelligent presentations like Mr. Szulc's will hopefully help to convince the remaining 30 percent of American citizens that the Warren Commission Report is incorrect in some of its major conclusions, and that a full-scale reopening of the investigation into the JFK assassination is called for.

I hope that I am misinterpreting the meaning of your introductory editorial—"But nations, like individual men and women, must learn to live with mystery and doubt, which means also that sometimes the most terrible truths are beyond knowing." Who was responsible for the President's assassination and the reasons behind that criminal conspiracy are truths that we can find out, and as American citizens, have a right to know.

Cyril H. Wecht, M.D.
Coroner of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania

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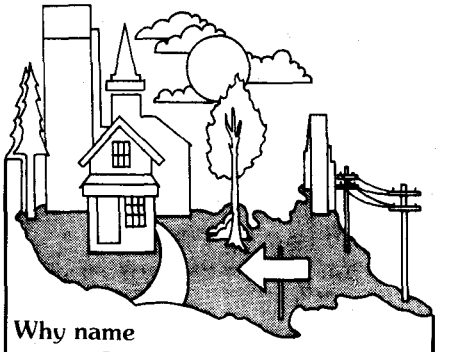

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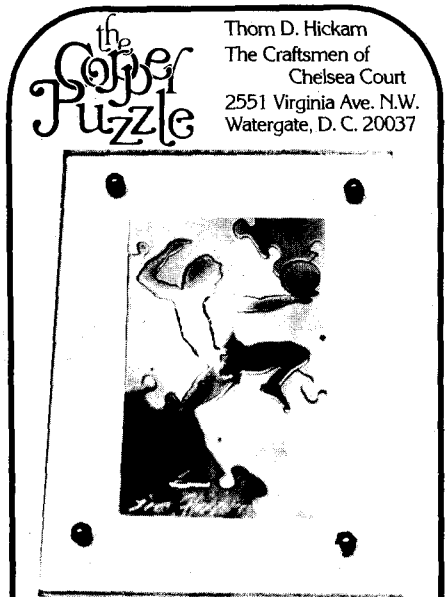

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